

Sports Illustrated

MAY 13, 1963

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Next week

GOLF SCHOLARSHIPS are bringing the best young players in the country to college teams such as the University of Houston's, where it takes scores in the 60s to stay on the squad.

THE KANSAS CITY A's, refusing to stay in their normal habitat, have turned the American League upside down. Walter Bringham tells how it happened and how long it may last.

TWO YANKEE GWANAS named Bill Holden and Ray Ryan are betting a million that their magnificent Kenya Safari Club will survive the explosive situation in Africa today.



The fishiest water anywhere!

THESE ISLANDS of volcanic origin jutting out of the Pacific Ocean in Mexican waters are said to have been once used by pirates. Now they are world famous for the good fishing found off their shores. In Spanish they are called *Las Islas Coronados* or the Coronado Islands. How much do you think it costs for a round trip ticket from the U.S. to these foreign islands, including all the live bait you can use and your Mexican fishing license? The answer: adults \$10, children \$5!

The Coronado Islands are only 20 miles from San Diego and are visited daily by sportfishing boats sailing from the city. The waters abound in yellowtail, albacore, blue fin tuna, barracuda, bonito, marlin. The annual Yellowtail Derby attracts over 100,000 fishermen to compete for prizes worth thousands of dollars. Catches often exceed 200,000 yellows a year, ranging from 15 to

45 pounds. These fighters take a half hour or more to land.

San Diego County is the ideal vacation spot because it offers a nearly perfect climate and so many things that are fun to do. There are fine beaches, parks, museums, flower gardens, historic sites, golf courses, tennis courts, stores and restaurants. You can cross the border at the city limits into Mexico for bullfights, horse racing, dog racing, *petalar* and night clubs. Write for a free color booklet to San Diego Convention & Tourist Bureau, Dept. SI-565, 924 Second Avenue, San Diego 1, California.

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SHOPWALK

The brown diesel engine is about
to crash small-boat high society

First came the sail, then sail, then steam, but for the modern small-boat owner who wants to be sure of getting there, the answer has long been gasoline. The only trouble with gas is that it is both dangerous to handle and expensive to buy. For this reason the small-boat man has long looked with envy at his big brother, the diesel user. Both gas and diesel engines work on the same internal combustion principle, in which fuel is exploded in a cylinder to push a piston which creates the power, but diesels do it far more simply, safely and with cheap fuel. So why aren't diesels powering all boats?

For the most part, because they are just too big. Industrial diesels are often three stories high, locomotive diesels run up to 16 large cylinders and large marine diesels come in 20-ton economy sizes. In the 1930s Mercedes-Benz tucked a compact diesel under the hood of a production passenger car. Diesel-power Mercedes taxis began roaming New York's streets in 1959, and diesels now account for 14 per cent of Mercedes automobile sales. But it took 30 years for diesels to catch on in the small-boat field. Now boat man Carl Kackhauer, who makes his own Mercury gas engines and is not inclined to altruistic philanthropy, is beginning to import Mercedes-Benz diesels to link with his Mercedes outdrive for powering small boats. Moreover Britain's Perkins Engine company has just developed the first outdrive specifically designed for diesel use and a new souped-up diesel engine aimed at the European small boat market where high fuel costs make the diesel especially attractive. Ruston Rover has put out a marine conversion of their famed Land-Rover engine, and Sweden's Volvo-Penta, the forerunner of diesel outdrives, is offering a wide range of diesels from 2 to 155 hp. "For trouble-free boating use diesel," advises Volvo Director Harold Wiklund, but he believes it will be many years before diesels truly conquer the market for boats under 30 feet.

The diesel's drawbacks, like its advantages, are an integral part of the compression-injection system first patented by Rudolf Diesel in 1892. Where a gas engine sucks in a mixture of fuel and air, and then ignites it with an electric spark, the diesel takes in only clean air, and therefore needs no carburetor for premixing. Because it is so inflammable, the gas engine mixture can be compressed to only one sixth of its original volume, which limits the amount of combustible material and so limits the power per stroke. But the diesel can squeeze its pure air to 1/10 of its original volume, and by so doing

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SHOPWALK *continued*

heat it to a higher temperature (800°) than the burning point of the fuel. At top compression, an injector exerting even higher pressure sprays fuel into this seething furnace which mixes with the hot air and automatically ignites, eliminating the need for spark plugs and the whole electrical system that goes with them. The one fussy thing about a diesel is the fuel injection. For each cylinder, fuel injectors must measure out an accurate dose of fuel and deliver it in an even, fine mist at a precise moment. Injectors are therefore precision instruments and they object to dirt. As the piston is forced down by the explosion, a valve opens, allowing the hot gases to escape. Later in the descent the piston uncovers a fresh air intake which scavenges the remaining exhaust and fills the cylinder with pure air for the next stroke. In four-cycle diesels the piston makes an extra stroke just to force out any lingering fumes, because exhaust is hot and would expand the incoming fresh air to prevent a full supply. Diesel engines can be souped up by blowing the fresh air in under pressure (supercharging) to give the engine more power. Two common complaints against diesel—smell and noise—are the result of improper care. Since diesels seldom complain, they rarely get the attention accorded their gas-powered cousins, hence dirty injectors or the wrong grade of fuel make their presence noisy and noisome known.

Boatman's dream

Because of its relative simplicity, its reliability, its fuel economy, its thermal efficiency and its cool exhaust, the diesel is obviously a boatman's dream come true. The trouble is that all these virtues are dependent on high compression, and high compression needs a stout cylinder and a big housing to contain it. Commercial fishermen, who tend to be austere and thoughtful investors, have long chosen diesel power, but the small pleasure boat field has so far given it mostly lip service. The small-boat builder seldom builds a hull strong enough to support a diesel installation. The small-boat owner is seldom willing to pay the diesel's high original cost. Using only two-thirds as much fuel as a gasoline engine, and with the fuel costing only half as much, the diesel is only one third as expensive to feed as the gas engine. Ranged against the heavy fuel appetites of equivalent gas engines, diesel pays off after a mere 600 hours of running—but it costs twice as much to buy. Right now a diesel installation still requires a substantial foundation for support and to absorb vibration. Fuel is not readily available, nor is it of uniform quality. So Sunday drivers, hot rodders and many other small-boat owners will go with gas for some time. But for those who want to pay the price (small in contrast to savings in maintenance) the age of the diesel is at hand.

—MARY JANE HODGES



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SCORECARD

RED GLOW OVER TOKYO

International politics and international sport seldom travel the same highway together. Last week the two were riding tandem in divers quarters. In Djakarta, representatives of a dozen dissident countries, including Red China, the Soviet Union, Egypt and Indonesia, met and decided to stage an Olympics of their own. The event, pompously named the Games of the New Emerging Forces, is to be held in Djakarta in November and every four years thereafter, and is intended to rival the Olympic Games themselves. Alarmed by this aggressive and politically founded action, the French sports daily *L'Equipe* warned that international sport is threatened with a total schism. In London, the Marquess of Exeter, vice-president of the International Olympic Committee, spoke out on the subject of excluding East German athletes from contests held in NATO countries. The Marquess is, of course, against this, since political discrimination is a violation of the Olympic ideal. He tendered a solution. The Marquess believes that East Germans and other victims of political tensions—perhaps even those of the New Emerging Forces—should be allowed a United Nations passport.

Now comes word that in a few weeks the UNESCO Youth Institute will hold a seminar in Germany on politics and chauvinism in sports. The conference will be attended by international sports leaders. Sport should be free of ideology, but when politics ruptures the freedom of big athletic events, as it frequently has done, realities must be faced. It is reassuring to find that intelligent forces are reaching for a solution. A global schism in sport is not in our interest as Americans or sportsmen.

WEIGHTLESSNESS

No longer actively involved in tennis promotion, except for serving as adviser and having one vote in the International Professional Tennis Players Association, Jack Kramer now is concentrating on golf and horse racing. He is adding 18 holes to his Los Serranos course in

Chino, Calif., and he is running a stable of Thoroughbreds (Racquet Stable) for an Australian partner. But he has not entirely forsaken tennis.

For one thing, he is building a tennis club in Palos Verdes and he has an idea for the sport that seems to derive from his new interest in horse racing. Kramer would do for professional players what turf handicappers do for the Thoroughbreds in order to equalize their abilities. He would dispel the idea that tennis form almost always prevails. He would handicap the tennis players with weights. "The best player," Kramer says, "would be weighted down, but where I do not know. Maybe around his belt or on his feet."

We have great respect for Kramer and his contributions to tennis, but we suggest he take his idea back to the stable and see if anyone whinnies.

MORNING LINE ON STRETCH PANTS

As the Japanese cherry exchanged its blossoms for green leaves in Central Park last week, a troupe of snow fanatics descended on New York—the people who make ski clothes and equipment, and the 5,000 buyers who came to see their wares at the 1963-64 Ski Industries America Trade Show. Conditions, as they say in the world of ski, were excellent. Firms reported increases in orders up to 300%. The ski business is, in fact, so good that everybody suddenly wants a part of it—the house of Dior, for instance, which showed 50 different costumes in its second ski collection designed by Marc Bohan for Dior Sport. McGregor, the country's largest maker of men's sportswear, took a plunge in ski, came up with one of the bestsellers at the show—a cartridge-quilt parka with elastic stretch in the quilting. Leatherman Samuel Robert launched a line of lean-looking leatherski pants. Glen of Michigan's Bill Atkinson designed his first line of ski apparel—stretch pants and jackets in sprightly plaids and checks. It was all enough to put the old-line skiwear makers on their mettle—and that's where they were. White Stag hired Italy's Emilio

Pucci to design a skiwear collection featuring silk-and-Helanca stretch pants, and Ulla's Vicki Cooper emulated Chanel with a braid-trimmed stretch-flannel ski suit.

There is a reactionary fraternity in skiing which likes to grouse that skiing started to decline as a sport when the first rope tow was opened and that stretch pants are the work of the devil. This is the year they should put on snowshoes and head for the woods.

THE GREEN MONEY STATE

It was 60 years ago that Bet-A-Million Gates established himself at Salem Depot, N.H., in the foothills of the White Mountains, with a grandiose scheme for a racetrack and lavishly appointed gambling pavilion. After he built track and pavilion, Yankee authorities coldly advised him that gambling was illegal in New Hampshire and the law would be enforced.

Gates is long since dead, but his track is now Rockingham Park, where the Thoroughbreds and trotters run legally. New Hampshire was, indeed, the first New England state to legalize pari-



mutuel betting (in 1933) and now New Hampshire is the first (since Louisiana abandoned its two-year try in 1894) to legalize a state lottery. The lottery will be a sweepstakes based on races run at Rockingham and Hinsdale, a trotting track.

New Hampshire may well have started a trend and, of all places, in stand New England. A sweepstakes bill is before the legislature of neighboring Vermont. Another is currently boxed in a committee

continued



Mark Twain's favorite- Bourbon or Scotch?

Perhaps at one time or another, you've seen Mark Twain featured in our Old Crow advertising. The reason is that Mark Twain's favorite bourbon was Old Crow. He was known to have been so pleased with it that he made a trip to Kentucky to visit James Crow's distillery. There he ordered 25 barrels of Old Crow for his favorite tavern in Elmira, New York.

But recently we were challenged. An executive from a competitive whiskey company wrote us saying he had incontrovertible evidence proving Mark Twain to be a Scotch drinker!

We checked immediately and found that yes, it was true, the great American author *had* once been a Scotch drinker during his early years! But further digging revealed that subsequently he *changed to bourbon!*

Now, many folks are going through the same taste change that Mark Twain experienced. They've tasted them all and found bourbon is the best. It has *taste*, for goodness sake—and *smoothness*. Have you tried the time-honored flavor of *light, mild* Old Crow 86 proof Kentucky bourbon? It is America's favorite. Try it and you'll see why Mark Twain changed to Old Crow.



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SCORECARD *continued*

of the Connecticut legislature. The Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed a lottery bill. Massachusetts voters have voted approval of a state lottery, only to have the legislature vote it down each time it came up. But in Nevada, the great gambling state, sweepstakes gambling is not only illegal—it is unconstitutional.

That noise you hear is Bet-A-Million thrashing about in his grave.

THE \$70,000 CHURL

In the ninth inning of a tie game against Minnesota last week, Roger Maris led off and grounded to Second Baseman Bernie Allen. Allen booted the ball, but he still had plenty of time to make the play, because Maris merely dragged himself and his bat halfway down the line and then quit. The Minnesota fans booed. Maris displayed his winsome scowl all the way to the dugout and there stopped long enough to make what family newspapers call an "obscene gesture." Maris' inexcusable indecision—and it was not his first—was seen not only by the stadium audience but by hundreds of thousands of television viewers.

After the game, as is his custom, Maris remained churlish. He had only a challenge to fight for a reporter who questioned him about the incident. Naturally, there must be criticism for such childish behavior, but our feeling is one of bewildered pity for an athlete of such stature who has neither the courage to admit his mistakes nor the maturity to avoid compounding them.

THE BIG GAME

Down in the missile country of Cape Canaveral children of scientists and engineers are naturally bright. They are so bright that the local Orange County sport is mathematics. Regular round-robin schedules draw a large cheering section of students who follow each team and study the weekly standings with avid interest. This year's mathematical "track meet" was a hard-fought contest among teams from 10 high schools. Boone High took home the trophy—a slide rule.

DON'T MENTION IT

On several occasions we have had the displeasure of sitting behind steel beams at baseball parks, our vision impaired. It was not until last week, however, that we fully appreciated that there are also oral pillars to obstruct one's hearing of a game on radio or television.

continued



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suspension, precise steering, complete instrumentation including tachometer, European styling and coach work. You pay \$3995* for a Volvo P1800 and get the same.

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SCORECARD continued

Tuning in late, we heard from Yankee announcer Mel Allen: "Well, at the end of five innings it's the Los Angeles Angels five runs on seven hits and no errors. In fact, the Angels not only have all the runs but all the hits."

The quickest way to a listener's ear is a straight line of conversation. Allen's oblique reference to a no-hitter, falling on ears not yet attuned to the game, was irritating. For half an inning we labored under the penalty of not being certain of what we had heard. "Players don't mention a no-hitter on the bench and I just try to respect their dugout tradition," Allen explains. "I feel it is part of the romance of the game." Waste Hoyt, former Yankee and now a Cincinnati announcer, goes along with Allen. He says he makes no mention of a no-hitter because "It was inbred in me as a player."

Ray Scott, who announces the Twins' games, turned to his colleagues last season after Jack Kralick had pitched seven perfect innings and pleaded: "I need help. How many ways are there to say the same thing we are all thinking about without actually mentioning it?"

Actually, there is less superstition in the game than the romantic Allen would have us believe. Most major leaguers do not mind TV or radio references to no-hitters in progress. A poll last week showed that three out of four sportscasters do give the news.

ONE MAN'S FIGHT

A salty and belligerent man, William Green is afflicted with cancer—racked with pain and trapped in a wheelchair—but still fighting. He is fighting to save for the people a 33-mile spit of land at the southern end of Maryland's Eastern Shore known as Assateague Island. The island, including some acreage belonging to Virginia and set aside as a federal game refuge, presents one of the most beautifully wild, wave-swept, breathtaking stretches of white-sanded beach that remains open to development anywhere along the readily accessible portions of the Atlantic seaboard. It could become a splendid public recreational area, one that might attract as many as 4 million persons a year. One-fifth of the nation's population lives within easy driving distance. It could also become a highly profitable real estate development. That is what the fight is about.

A transplanted New Yorker who made a comfortable fortune as an industrial

continued



the man's mixer

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A man is shown from the chest down, wearing a light-colored batik shirt and dark-colored Dickies shorts with a floral pattern. The background is a textured, mottled green and brown.

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air-conditioning contractor, Green retired 10 years ago to Public Landing, Maryland. He soon fell in love with nearby Assateague. In the last decade he has spent all his savings—about \$300,000—on legal fees, engineering reports, surveys and experts, in a fight to get a public authority to protect the island.

"All I have now," he said the other day, "is the house, and there's a mortgage on that."

He may win yet. The state is now giving serious consideration to his proposal. Also Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, impressed by reports from members of his staff, has agreed to inspect the area on May 13, along with members of the Maryland General Assembly and interested citizens. We hope he sees it through the inspired eyes of Bill Green.

A WREATH FOR DICKIE KERR

There generally is no reason to weep at the passing of a man who reaches the age of 69 and then dies with honor. Such a man, it may be considered, has fulfilled himself. But in the case of Dickie Kerr, who died the other day, a few tears should be allowed.

Dickie Kerr was the honest member of the Black Sox. He pitched the third game of the 1919 Series and, opposed by nine Cincinnati players and most of his own Chicago team, he beat them all, 3-0. Then he pitched the sixth game and won it, 5-4 in 10 innings. All the disgusting while, he knew nothing of what had been plotted against him. It was a fabulous feat.

Dickie always felt that he deserved a place in the Hall of Fame. He did. But there is a rule that a Hall of Fame player must have been in the major leagues for at least 10 years. Dickie had only three.

Baseball could easily make amends and acknowledge its obligations to decency by rescinding the rule for this one now-posthumous case.

THEY SAID IT

• Bobby Bragan, Milwaukee Brave manager, after the Giants dropped three in a row to the Braves: "Their slump is like a common cold—only a temporary disorder."

• Barbara Romack, noting that the number of women golfers has doubled in the last 15 years: "We don't have to be unfeminine-looking ogres any more; the girls want to play this game with men, either husbands or boy friends." **END**



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**Sports
Illustrated**

MAY 13, 1963

THE DERBY VICTORY PRANCE

Chateaugay put on a lively, leggy ballet in the winner's circle at Churchill Downs. He was still full of sass and spirit after coming from far back—and way out, too—to beat the three favorites

by WHITNEY TOWER

With a lunge and a whinny Chateaugay shows his oats while Jockey Braulio Baeza tries to hold his seat. On the pony's bridle is a wishbone, put there for luck by his owner, John Galbreath.

CONTINUED

A HORSE THAT WAS READY AT THE RIGHT TIME

Only a handful of admirers stood up to be counted when a sleek chestnut colt named Chateaugay won the Blue Grass at Keeneland nine days before the Kentucky Derby by taking a head decision over Get Around. He had not yet faced the big three—Candy Spots, Never Bend and No Robbery—his critics said. Among the few who were sure of his class were Chateaugay's owner, John W. Galbreath, his trainer, Jimmy Conway, and stone-faced, icy-cool and wondrously gifted Jockey Braulio Baeza. After the Blue Grass this diminutive citizen of Panama told his bosses and anyone else who cared to listen: "This horse is ready to run two miles." Conway endorsed both Baeza and his observations: "This jock suits him perfectly. The horse runs more freely for Baeza. Besides, Chateaugay is just now getting properly seasoned."

The key word there was "now"—not nine weeks ago for the Flamingo or Santa Anita Derby, or five weeks ago for the Florida Derby, or two weeks ago for the Wood Memorial. Right now.

Although he is a son of Swaps, Chateaugay had drawn little attention this spring while winning all three of his pre-Derby starts. First he won a seven-furlong allowance race at Hialeah, then a slightly longer one at Keeneland in mid-April. He really qualified for the Derby by winning the Blue Grass—a mile and an eighth in a snappy 1:48—but in this odd season an unbeaten horse hardly seemed cause for setting off fireworks.

Two of the Derby starters, Candy Spots and No Robbery, had never been beaten in their young lives, and in addition to Chateaugay there was Never Bend with a clean 1963 record. This meant that, among them, four of the nine Derby starters had won 13 races this year and lost none. Chateaugay was the least regarded member of this distinguished quartet, because his victories were not impressive and he had not beaten top-rank opposition.

In the final hectic days before the Derby, crowds of newsmen and bettors dragged themselves out at dawn to look over the big three in the Churchill Downs

barns. Candy Spots was the main attraction of barn 41, and rightly so. Trainer Mesh Tenney appeared supremely confident. His horse was ready, he told the sightseers, to run the race of his life. Tenney himself was having an unusually busy social life. To please the writers he went to many evening functions, but then took revenge on them by working Candy Spots at 6 a.m. instead of at the more civilized hour of 8:30 or 9. And when asked for an opinion of the race, Tenney would screw up his face into one big wrinkled grin and groan, "We have settled into the desperate calm that everyone else is in—and now we just have to wait. I think it's a desperate thing to get any part of the purse. I thought so with Swaps, and I think so now."

Down the line at barn 42 was Never Bend, guarded around the clock by a special force of three uniformed sergeants of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. Trainer Woody Stephens and Owner Harry Guggenheim were noticeably worried over Never Bend's left front ankle, but they decided at the last

continued

The leaders have passed the half-mile pole, and Chateaugay (No. 1) is still in sixth place and 10 lengths behind. He appears to be out of the





On the roll by his own choice and now trapped, Willie Shoemaker on Candy Spots (No. 8) anxiously looks for racing room in the stretch.

race at this point, while Candy Spots, third, is just where everyone expected him to be, close to the pace and in good position for a late run.



minute that this minor injury, incurred at Keeneland, was not sufficient to prevent the colt from running his best race. Still, they worried. At the other end of barn 42 was No Robbery. He worked in blinkers and worked well in them. Trainer John Gaver preferred to talk about the New York Mets rather than about his horse, but No Robbery looked trim and alert, and his willingness to run in a straight line instead of a conveyer course spoke for itself.

In between these two showpieces in barn 42 was Patrice Jacobs' *Bonjour*, while on the other side of the barn—the unfashionable side—was *Chateaugay*. Not many people went to call on him, for not many people really believed he had a good shot at the big money. Trainer Conway leaned against the side of the shed row with a happy smile on his face and told visitors, "If I didn't think we were ready to run a mile and a quarter we wouldn't be here."

By Saturday all Louisville was in a high-grade tizzy. John Gaver told Jockey

John Rotz not to gun No Robbery into the lead if he could rate him. Captain Guggenheim and Woody Stephens huddled with Jockey Manuel Ycaza and gave some specific instructions: "Let him break on his own, and then take a reading from there. But don't run head and head with anyone." Running head and head is the cardinal sin at Cain Hoy.

Mesh Tenney didn't have to tell Jockey Bill Shoemaker the obvious—keep Candy Spots off the pace but within striking distance at all times. When Brulio Baeza showed up at Jimmy Conway's side the Galbreath trainer didn't bother with any advice either. He simply said, "You're the jockey. You ride him. I have confidence in you—and in him."

At the start Ycaza broke *Never Bend* away from the gate like a rocket. Beside him No Robbery broke equally well, and the pair of them streaked by the stands the first time on their way to a 23-second first quarter. But just three lengths behind, and ideally positioned, was the team of Shoemaker and Candy

Spots. The rest were well back, even then, and as the field—with *Chateaugay* in sixth place—spun into the first turn the enormous crowd settled down to watch exactly the sort of race they had come to see: the three best horses in the first three positions and a dingdong mile still to go.

What most of the crowd failed to notice, even in this early stage of the race, was that Shoemaker was having trouble with Candy Spots. The spotted marvel was acting rank for the first time in his career, and Shoe had his hands full. Midway in the first turn Candy Spots almost ran up on No Robbery's heels before Shoe could check him. Up the backstretch *Never Bend*, No Robbery and Candy Spots kept the same order. *Chateaugay* was sixth, 10 lengths away.

Then, as the leaders flashed by the half-mile pole after covering the first half in 46 2/5 and six furlongs in 1:10, Shoe somehow maneuvered his colt into a blind switch. He was trapped by the two leaders just when he should have been clear and ready to move on the outside.

"I had to steady him at the five-sixteenths pole," said Shoe later, "and I don't have any excuse for staying inside. I guess it's that I felt No Robbery was trying to hear out and I didn't want to get messed up with him." Some observers felt that it was Shoe himself who was messing things up. From the three-eighths pole to the five-sixteenths pole, what with checking and being trapped, Shoemaker lost anywhere from one to two lengths. "It wasn't this day," said one horseman. "It was an old-fashioned choker—a real doozy."

Turning for home, Shoemaker dropped Candy Spots in on the rail—a most unfamiliar place for a horse who always runs his best on the outside. And then, seeing that he was getting nowhere, Shoe took him back out for the run to the wire. Whether Candy could have overhauled *Never Bend* by following different tactics is academic now. In fact, it was doubtful even then. By that stage Baeza had skillfully brought *Chateaugay* through the horses behind the leaders. As the field turned into the final straightaway *Chateaugay* was only three lengths back and really rolling. No Robbery gave up the fight. "He died at the quarter pole," said Jockey Rotz. But *Never Bend* was not dying. He fought gallantly on. As Woody Stephens noted later, "He done his best."

Never Bend's best was not good



Asked by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to estimate his investments in racing and baseball, Galbreath adds figures that show he spent \$15 million on *Darby Dan Farm* and the *Pirates*.

enough, however. Chateaugay wore him down in the stretch and won by a length and a quarter, with Candy Spots just another neck away. He did it in exactly the same time (2:01 4/5) posted by his daddy when Swaps upset Nashua in 1955. On My Honor came from last with a typical late run to be fourth. He was followed home by a tired No Robbery and then by Benjour and the long shots Gray Pet, Investor and Royal Tower. When Bucea came back he allowed himself one weak snarl and said, "This is a very kind horse, and this is the kind of race I have on my mind since I was a little boy." It was also the first time any foreign jockey had won the Kentucky Derby.

When all hands gathered later at the victory party, there were few alibis. Said Guggenheim, "Never Bend withstood all those horses but one, and he really had no excuse that I can think of." Rex Ellsworth, noting that Candy Spots had never been rank before, also said that his chestnut had come back gasping and

gagging and with a considerable amount of dirt in his head. "I thought our horse could run better than that," said Tenney. "I can't give him an excuse because I know that two good horses beat him." Then, turning to the winning owner, John Galbreath, Mesh added, "If we couldn't win, I'm sure glad to see you win. In fact, we always get a kick out of seeing any son of Swaps win. And yours is a good one."

That Columbus, Ohio real estate man and builder Galbreath (51, June 1, 1959) should have come up with a colt like Chateaugay seems only fair. This walking dynamo has worked hard—and paid dearly—for his success. He began nearly 30 years ago with 110 acres and five \$100 mares and now owns 3,700 acres near Columbus and 600 more acres in Lexington, Ky. He bought Swaps from Ellsworth for \$2 million and then spent another \$1,350,000 to lease the Italian champion Ribot for five years of stud duty. He has spent better than \$5 million to build up a representative racing sta-

ble, or just about what he also kicked in to buy and improve the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team. "I guess you'd say that we've hit our peak in both sports now," Galbreath said. "Beating the Yankees in the 1960 World Series was the greatest thing that ever happened to me in baseball. And now achieving our goal in racing with a Derby winner is the greatest all over again. Nobody can possibly know how really thrilled you can be until he experiences it."

The next experience for the Derby participants will be in the Preakness at Pimlico on May 18. Chateaugay and Never Bend are aiming for it. After some early indecision by Ellsworth and Tenney, Candy Spots will be sent to Baltimore, too. "He deserves the chance to try the Preakness," said Tenney. With these three (No Robbery is out of the race with bucked shins), and with such non-Derby starters as Ahoy and Get Around, the show at Pimlico should be just as exciting as the one at Churchill Downs. **END**

Disappointed Californians Tenney (left) and Ellsworth attend the victory party. They will try again with Candy Spots in the Preakness.



A TRIUMPH

Undistracted by girls, opponents or Jimmie the Greek, Jack Nicklaus becomes the champion's champion

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Professional golfers hate distractions, but last week they made their annual pilgrimage to that biggest distraction of all, Las Vegas. There the girls beside the swimming pools peered at all the Palmers, while the Palmers tried not to peer back, the galleries cheered with that special kind of enthusiasm a crowd works up when it is backing its favorites with both hot spirits and cold cash; and the bookies, doping out the morning line, worked manfully to find out which champion had been up how late in whose casino playing what games. By Sunday evening, when golf's Tournament of Champions was over, every player in the field would have been relaxed, delighted and carefree had it not been for his thoughts about the one man who is both undistractable and almost unbeatable, Jack Nicklaus. On opening day Nicklaus had shot a 64 that broke the course record at the Desert Inn Country Club. By Saturday he was such a prohibitive favorite that it was hard to place a sensible bet on him in bet-mad Vegas. And by Sunday he was in with a 273, had beaten the field by five strokes (and par by 15) and had won himself (ho-hum) 13,000 more dollars. Still, it was the kind of formful performance that bookmakers appreciate, even if Palmer, Player, Casper, Lema, etc. do not, and this is the one golf tournament where it is quite fitting not to upset the bookies.

Although the Tournament of Champions, born in an era when golf purses were penny ante by today's lush standards, is far from the tournament of the year, it is still a treat for the pros. The \$13,000 first prize makes nice walking-around money for chaps like Nicklaus

Arnold Palmer stands on the tee and, for a few seconds at least, all eyes are on only him.



AGAINST ALL ODDS IN LAS VEGAS

and Palmer, but the main attraction is a pleasant weekend of golf on the cuff, so to speak. The Desert Inn provides free room and board for the contestants and their wives and, to qualify, a player merely has to win one of the 47 tournaments recognized as official by the PGA. The minimum prize of \$1,000 is a unique and attractive distinction that adds, somewhat more than subtly, to the pleasure of the occasion, too—even for today's Cadillac-oriented athletes.

This year's field numbered only 27 players, largely because Palmer had won seven of the tournaments over the past year and Nicklaus five. (Jack Burke Jr., winner of the Lucky International, sent the only regrets. He doesn't believe in mixing gambling and golf.) With such a small field, it is possible to play each round rapidly with twosomes. Thus first pairings don't see off until after lunch, leaving the golfers ample opportunity to catch the nightly shows along the Vegas Strip and dally afterward at the gaming tables. One of the big attractions during the past two years has been the sight of Palmer dealing blackjack in the Desert Inn Casino, and other lively spirits, less well oriented than Palmer, are inclined to leave at least part of their winnings in the Vegas vaults.

All this is so foreign to the usual pressures of a golf tournament that Dave Ragan and his wife, Joan, found themselves standing idly around the Desert Inn lounge one midnight with Dave complaining, "This is the funnest feeling I don't have to tee off for 14 hours. I don't know what to do with myself." The fact that Dave shot himself out of contention the next afternoon with a 77 demonstrates the hazard of upsetting old habits.

Las Vegas takes a justifiable small-town pride in its tournament, which is the major tourist attraction of the year for the city. It dresses each of its contestants in a well-tailored white jacket with the Tournament of Champions em-

blem on the pocket. This alone makes the healthy young golfers a conspicuous sight in the casinos, where most visitors dress in one of two ways: either as if they were about to go to bed, or as if they planned to spend the day rummaging through the junk in the attic.

What really separates Vegas from other tournaments, however, is the gambling. During its first seven years the Tournament of Champions operated what probably was the largest golf Cakutta in history, with the pot running as high as \$380,000. But after Mike Sou-chak's victory in 1959, the PGA began to frown on the publicity that all this activity was attracting, so the word went out to muffle the big action or lose the tournament. The Cakutta went underground, where only the guys and dolls in the know could find it. In addition, the "odds-makers" who operate the local sports books were advised to confine their business activities to their stores on the Strip and in downtown Vegas. Dur-

ing the last four years these gentlemen have been more and more circumspect, to the point where Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder was able to say last week: "This is the cleanest tournament they've ever had." On the course betting was nil.

Jimmie Snyder is a big, swarthy gambler who migrated to Las Vegas in the mid-'50s and eventually became one of its fixtures in the high science of operating a sports book. A friendly fellow who means nobody any harm, Jimmie has been making book on the Tournament of Champions for the last seven years, and this year was no exception. The big difference is that since the tournament began scrubbing off the patina of gambling, Jimmie and the representatives of the five other sports books have had to take their betting action at the office each morning and spend their afternoons sitting in front of the Desert Inn clubhouse, following the golfing action as it is registered on the giant scoreboard alongside the 18th green.

continued



Fiddlers provide soft music at the Desert Inn, where bettors must also face the hard facts



Jimmie the Greek notes a player's performance at the last golf event he will ever book

Nonetheless, the oddsmakers still take their work very seriously and, as a result, the Tournament of Champions is the only major golf function throughout the year where a spectator can match his wits against the nonsentimentalists who try to make a living out of predicting the uncertainties of the game. As they sit in a little row of three or four and catalog the progress of each day's play, Jimmie and his colleagues confine their conversation strictly to business.

"That Ford," one of them will say as a bogey goes up on the board opposite Doug Ford's name. "Ford is dead. Jimmie, that Ford is no good."

Snyder and his rivals do most of their business in two ways. Before the tournament begins, they handicap everyone in the field—win, place and show. Then, after each day's play, they adjust the odds to the new circumstances.

Saturday morning, after Nicklaus had built up what appeared to be an insurmountable five-stroke lead during the first two rounds, the book on the tourna-

ment winner went as limp as a jellyfish. Arnold Palmer, who had been 2 to 1 on Friday, rose to 7 to 2, and he was the shortest price in the field next to Nicklaus, who was by then such an overwhelming favorite that some bookies would not even quote odds on him. Raymond Floyd, the young touring pro who had won the St. Petersburg Open but had scarcely figured in the money elsewhere during the year, had opened as the longest shot in the field at 50 to 1. By Saturday he was at 5,000 to 1, and Al Geiberger, a somewhat more seasoned young player, had soared to 8,000 to 1.

As interest in betting the tournament winner decreases, Vegas bettors incline more toward head-to-head action, picking one player against another in any of the day's twosomes. These bets are made on a five-to-six pick basis: you put up \$6 to win \$5, which is the professional gambler's equivalent of even money. On perhaps half of these matches, Snyder and his colleagues from the other books will handicap the pairings. For instance,

on opening day Palmer was fated a stroke and a half better than Bobby Nichols. Nicklaus was a stroke and a half over Lionel Hebert, and Gary Player a half stroke over Bob Goulby despite the fact that Gary had just had four impacted wisdom teeth removed and was far from fit.

This head-to-head handicapping can be a precarious business, and the oddsmakers are a long way from reducing it to an exact science. Before the tournament begins they try to evaluate the players' performances in the previous four tournaments, and the closest they have come to a formula is to give a player one point for a round under par, nothing for even par and one minus point for a round over par. Exceedingly low or exceedingly high rounds may get a bonus of a half point or more. "I figure if a guy has been playing well before he arrives here," Snyder explains, "he'll keep on playing well." Nothing in the long history of competitive golf bears out this seemingly plausible theory.

Another handicapping system used by Snyder and his friends once the tournament gets under way might be described as the rhythm method. Men who make book on sports are accustomed to watching a news ticker for results, and after years of practice they become familiar with the speed of the game. If an inning in a baseball game begins to drag—this is apparent when the score doesn't come on the ticker—they can pretty well predict the amount of trouble the pitcher is in. Watching the scoreboard at the Tournament of Champions, Snyder believes he can tell as much about the way a golfer is playing as if he were his caddy. If it is taking a long while between holes, and the scores come up as bogeys, Snyder presumes that the golfer is losing his touch. He keeps this in mind each night as he goes back to his office at the Vegas Turf and Sports club where he prepares the next day's odds and handicaps.

There are pitfalls to handicapping which, much as he tries, Snyder has trouble avoiding. One is the average tournament golfer's tendency to complain about his aches and pains. "Those aches and pains," Snyder protested bitterly on Saturday. "I wish I could forget them. Take this Casper. He comes out here saying he's got a bad back, and he's been sick, and he's hurt his hand. So he shoots a 70 the first day and falls

six strokes back of Nicklaus, and I raise him from 8 to 20. Then he goes out and shoots a couple of 69s, and now he's back in the tournament, and I've got to move him back to 12 to 1. If he hadn't missed a couple of little puts today, he'd only be a couple strokes behind. That kind of thing can kill you." (It killed Casper, too. Only two strokes back of Nicklaus, he had to quit on the 9th hole Sunday when his hand became badly swollen.)

Nor is it possible to make allowances for the kind of thing that can happen to a golfer's concentration in Las Vegas. Johnny Pott was walking down the third fairway Thursday when Singer Keely Smith appeared in the front yard of her home—it adjoins the course—wearing the briefest of bikinis.

Rumors are another of the occupational hazards of Jimmie Snyder's profession, and in a compact atmosphere like the Vegas Strip rumors are as plentiful as \$5 chips. Among those that kept Snyder off balance last week was one that Raymond Floyd was having too good a time on his first trip to Vegas. Snyder thereupon handicapped Bobby Nichols, who was playing poorly, by half a stroke in his match with Floyd. So young Raymond tottered out to the course the next day and shot a 68. Then there was the report that Palmer and a friend had pushed each other into the Desert Inn swimming pool the night before. There was the worry, too, over how the honeymooning Tony Lama would react to marriage, and the talk of Bill Collins' bad back, and the fact that Jack Nicklaus' wife, Barbara, had arrived on the scene after her recent acouchement. All these items had to be processed through Snyder's own personal and very human Univac.

Fortunately, there are occasional compensations for the rumors. "You take Gary Player," Snyder says. "I've talked to him several times here, and he strikes me as a very frank and reliable fellow. I guess it's something to do with the British in him. But if you ask him something, he'll always try to give you an honest answer. I like that."

Although an oddsmaker has to be careful not to let his sentiments interfere with his business judgment, Snyder has a particular affection for 47-year-old Jerry Barber. As a long shot, Barber won the 1960 Tournament of Champions and thereby produced a very profitable week for the books. Sitting in front of the

THE CHANGING ODDS THROUGH FOUR DAYS AT VEGAS

This chart shows the odds set by Jimmie Snyder prior to each day of play, and what the golfer's total score was at the end of that day. On Sunday 20 players were lumped into a field, with the odds on the field at 50 to 1. Bill Casper did not finish his round on Sunday.

	OPENING ODDS	THURS. SCORE	FRI. ODDS	FRI. SCORE	SAT. ODDS	SAT. SCORE	SUN. ODDS	FINAL SCORE
Jerry Barber	20-1	71	20-1	140	20-1	214	Field	284
John Barnum	40-1	72	40-1	145	300-1	215	Field	286
Bill Casper	8-1	70	20-1	139	10-1	208	12-1	WD
Bill Collins	25-1	67	7-1	142	50-1	216	Field	287
Bruce Crampton	20-1	73	50-1	146	500-1	221	Field	293
Jokey Cupit	25-1	71	20-1	141	30-1	213	Field	284
G. Dickinson	20-1	71	25-1	142	50-1	212	125-1	281
Raymond Floyd	50-1	76	1000-1	150	5000-1	218	Field	286
Doug Ford	20-1	71	25-1	146	500-1	221	Field	292
Al Geiberger	25-1	77	2000-1	155	8000-1	225	Field	298
Bob Goobly	25-1	73	100-1	141	35-1	209	30-1	281
Lionel Hebert	25-1	71	25-1	147	1000-1	221	Field	291
Don January	12-1	76	1000-1	148	1500-1	219	Field	290
Al Johnston	25-1	79	2000-1	151	5000-1	222	Field	294
Ted Kroll	25-1	72	40-1	143	150-1	212	125-1	281
Tony Lama	12-1	72	25-1	141	25-1	212	100-1	278
Gene Littler	8-1	73	40-1	147	500-1	215	Field	284
Billy Maxwell	20-1	73	50-1	146	500-1	218	Field	287
Bobby Nichols	20-1	75	400-1	148	4000-1	223	Field	294
Jack Nicklaus	5-1	64	5-6	132	1-6	204	1-10	273
Arnold Palmer	4-1	66	2-1	137	7-2	210	20-1	278
Gary Player	6-1	73	30-1	146	500-1	217	Field	286
Johnny Pott	20-1	70	20-1	141	25-1	215	Field	286
Dave Ragan	20-1	77	2000-1	151	5000-1	223	Field	295
Doug Sanders	8-1	70	20-1	142	40-1	214	Field	283
Don Sikes	30-1	72	40-1	144	250-1	218	Field	294
Bo Waininger	20-1	70	20-1	142	50-1	219	Field	290

hedge in the Desert Inn one afternoon last week ("I always like to keep the hedge behind me, then nobody can sneak up"), Snyder said to one of his fellow board-watchers: "The old man played the course beautifully. I'll tell you one thing, if the rough is short, the old man will do just fine. The only thing is, he's not quite strong enough to make the big shot out of long grass."

When Nicklaus sank the winning putt on Sunday afternoon, it was, in a sense the end of an era, for Jimmie Snyder had made his last book on the Tournament of Champions. Caught in the crossfire of Bobby Kennedy's war against Jimmy Hoffa, Snyder recently was indicted by the Federal Government for some offenses involving interstate operations, and he plans to retire to a more pedestrian career on the first of June. It's not that Jimmie could seriously be considered to be undermining the moral fiber of the nation, but the Attorney General of the U.S. has had agents by the hundreds sifting through every piece of paper in

Las Vegas in his efforts to pin the donkey's tail on Hoffa, who has been pouring Teamster funds into the area. Snyder was just a minnow that happened to be boated during the Department of Justice's angling expedition.

Sitting in his chair in front of the hedge and watching the scoreboard last weekend, Snyder listened patiently and sadly while a friend gurgled over the dozens of comely young ladies traipsing past in their dazzling kintight Vegas finery.

"There must be more tasty dishes trotting around this golf course right now than anywhere else in the world," said the man.

"Yeah," Jimmie answered dourly. "Almost as many as there are FBI men and revenue agents." And then he picked up a small piece of cardboard that was lying on the grass alongside his chair. "When I leave here after the tournament," he said, "this is the sign I'm going to put where I've always sat."

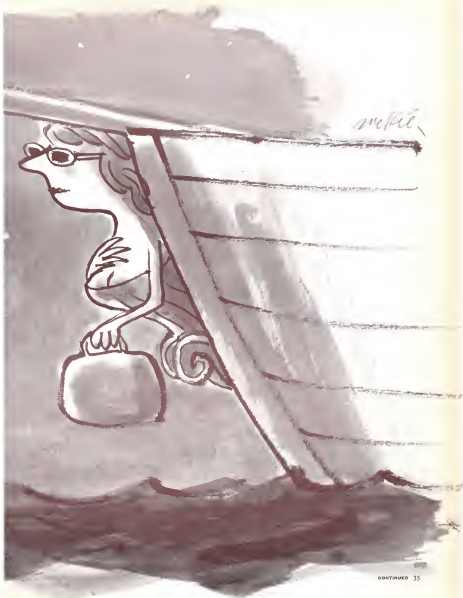
Printed on the sign in large letters were the words: "Gone fishin'."

END

If any of your friends are yachtsmen, you will sooner or later be invited to spend a weekend aboard a boat. How you behave during those critical days of carefree cruising (see cover) may well determine the future of your friendship. On the following pages Artist Roy McKie and Author Helen Bergh, who serves in the summer as hostess aboard her husband Roland's 40-foot cruiser "Corlears Hook," chart some shoals and channels to provide smooth sailing for the weekending lubber.

WELCOME ABOARD OR ARE YOU?

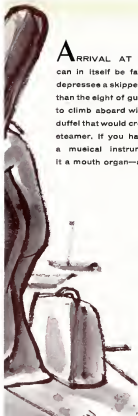






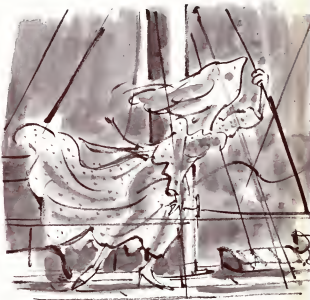
EMBARKATION, if attempted too jauntily, can make for a poor start. Even though it may look lubberly, a cautious approach is best. It should be accompanied by firm handholds and a boat securely moored.





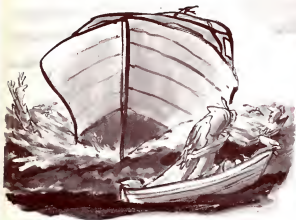
ARRIVAL AT DOCKSIDE can in itself be fatal. Nothing depresses a skipper-host more than the sight of guests waiting to climb aboard with a load of duffel that would crowd a tramp steamer. If you have to bring a musical instrument, make it a mouth organ—a small one.

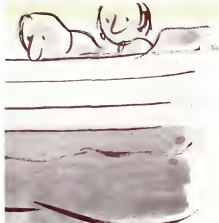
SIMPLE WEARING APPAREL is a must: slacks or shorts for ladies in daytime, pajamae at night. A squall can break loose any time, and an emergency deckhand in a filmy nightgown is a considerable hazard.



CONTINUED

FORMER PT BOAT commanders are not necessarily ideal cruise mates. So if you are asked to take a turn at the wheel, remember that later on your host and not you may have to explain to the Coast Guard why his boat was roaring through a four-knot channel at 30 knots.





A SHARE OF DECK DUTY is expected of every guest. If yours includes a sudden order to drop the anchor, make sure it is tied to something besides yourself. The skipper may be glad to see you go, but he will surely miss his brand-new Danforth.

IN NAVIGATING at night an extremely good rule is: when in doubt, ask the skipper. If you happen to be at the wheel, it is nicer to appear stupid than to find out too late that what looked like the light on a red channel buoy was really another skipper's cigar.



CONTINUED



CERTAIN PROTOCOL is essential to cordial relations when making use of yacht club launch service. As in elevators, those forced to ride with you may prefer silence to the hearty, hail-fellow approach.

A GIFT FOR THE HOST is a nice thought. But remember when choosing it that stowage space is limited. The best possible gift is the one that can be stowed inside the skipper—like a fifth of bourbon.





IF YOU CAN DO NOTHING ELSE, chip ice. Ice on any craft much smaller than the "Queen Mary" comes in 25-pound chunks. The cruise guest who keeps busy turning it into tinkling cubee may be the most popular.



by **KENNETH RUDEEN**

From Edwardian days to ours the scourge of European sulky racing has been this Irish reinsman of lofty talents and expensive tastes

The long-nosed, cigar-smoking, champagne-loving Irishman turned out early one bitter morning last winter to supervise the training of his trotters at his private track at Chamant, 25 miles northeast of Paris. He wore heavy boots, heavy green corduroy trousers, a sheep-skin coat and a battered old felt hat. A polyglot assortment of grooms—French, African, Arab—busied themselves about the horses. A slim, intense, hell-for-leather German named Hans Sasse, the assistant trainer, flicked a whip impatiently against the ground. Soon horses

were jogging easily around the three-quarter-mile track.

Charlie Mills studied each intently as it passed. "Dowserment," he called to one handler. "take it easy." As another horse came by he muttered, "He wants to pace, not trot. They always send the difficult ones to me. As you know, the best horse I ever had was the mare Gelinotte. There hasn't been a better trotter in Europe since the war, and when I say that I include Junin. A wonderful mare, every child knew her name, but very nervous, very difficult to train. I find

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Ah.

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that the hard ones are often the best ones, though. At 4, 5 and 6, every year was a great one for Gelinotte. I won the Prix d'Amérique with her twice and the other classic races at Vincennes also twice."

Mills's renown in Europe, all of whose classic races he has won at one time or another, is such that the press actually refers to him as The Coachman of the Gods, and among European harness horsemen he has undisputed eminence and singularity.

"He is," says the gifted Belgian horseman Roger Vercrey, "the best."

"He has the big class and the big experience," says the dashing Frenchman Jean Riaud, whom American fans remember as the winner of Roosevelt Raceway's 1959 International Trot with the artichoke-happy superhorse, Jamin.

Mills, the Irishman who has never lived in Ireland, has enjoyed 74 adventurous and highly agreeable years while becoming the most successful trainer and driver of trotting horses in history. He won his first race in Berlin, at the age of 15, in 1903. When he brought his records up to date recently, amid the antique furnishings, trophies and art objects of his French country house, he estimated he had driven the winners in no fewer than 4,800 races, not to mention heaven knows how many winners he had trained but not driven.

While U.S. records, unfortunately, are incomplete, trotting historians are certain that no American reinsman has even approached Mills's achievement of nearly 5,000 victories. To be sure, Mills has not yet trotted into European poetry, as the 19th century American trainer Budd Doble has into ours ("Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name/So fills the nasal trump of fame," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes). But he has not suffered noticeably from that omission. French railbirds, clutching their two-franc-note slips at Paris' Vincennes racetrack, where Mills does most of his driving these days, pay him homage no poet could afford by driving the odds way down whenever he performs. And, as he has for several decades, Mills lives in a style undreamed of by the rougher, readier American horsemen, including such well-to-do individuals as Del Miller, Johnny Simpson, Joe O'Brien and Billy Houghton.

Mills counts the day wretched if he does not consume numerous glasses of champagne and smoke a dozen or so cigars (specially made and bearing his

own likeness on the label). He was nettled when the Russians, gathering World War II spoils in 1947, hastened his departure from a castle he used to occupy in Germany and appropriated his string of 100 well-bred trotters. It is typical of Mills, however, that he was able to conceal and save his racy Alfa Romeo touring car (although the Russians seized a beloved, supercharged 130-mph American Auburn roadster) and that he was able to lend it for post-V-E-day transportation in Berlin for Winston Churchill.

"It was," Mills says nostalgically, "the best car left in town."

It is also typical of the man that he survived the havoc of Russian occupation so splendidly that he now inhabits a princely dwelling in Chamant. Mills positively did not have to go to a soup kitchen for nourishment, as many refugees did, when he arrived in Paris from Germany in 1947. As a French newspaper reported, he went straight to the deluxe Hotel Crillon.

He is not, he says, absolutely certain whether his place in Chamant contains 28 or 32 rooms, but he is sure that two extensive wings of the house embrace 68 horse stalls and that on his 250 acres of land the two training tracks measure three-quarters of a mile and 1,000 meters, respectively.

Mills started collecting celebrities years ago—or, rather, they him. When turned 50 the German crown prince, son of Kaiser Bill and a trotting buff, sent him a photograph inscribed with a personal message of congratulations. ("That would mean nothing today," says Mills, "but in those days even a handshake would have been worth 100,000 marks to some people.") Recently Mills entertained the German actor Curt Jurgens and the French star Jean Gabin in quick succession. Elvire Popesco, a queen of the Paris legitimate stage, would not think of placing her trotters with any other trainer. When Mills married for the second time, three years ago, the ceremony was performed by no less a personage than Baron Alain Rothschild of the extraordinary banking family; the baron also happens to be the mayor of Chamant. As a trinket of his esteem, the wealthy Argentine cattle breeder, Jorge de Atucha, for whom Mills trains horses, recently sent him an overcoat lined with lush, dark mink.

continued

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CHARLIE MILLS

Unquestionably, Mills delights in his fame, his celebrated friends and his ability to indulge a few expensive tastes, but these are not his true goals and satisfactions. The real Charlie Mills is a tough, albeit amiable, Irishman, the passion of whose life is the light harness horse. It is not a good idea to wonder aloud in his presence how much longer he can take the slambang action of harness driving. That subject is all the more tender just now because, during Europe's recent unprecedented cold wave, Mills quit driving in races and has not yet resumed.

"It would break my heart," he said then, "if I thought I would never drive again. I'll admit that I have considered retiring altogether. I came close to buying a house on the Côte d'Azur, a house to retire to. But then I thought, 'What would I do?' I would soon die if I quit working. I'm sure of it. In three months I would be so bored I would not fit in my skin anymore."

After his morning chores on the training track were finished, Mills turned to smile at some winter-shaggy Shetland stallions bucking stiff-legged in a nearby paddock. "I keep them just to look at," he said. "Here, see this." Mills walked to a stall, opened the top door and revealed 30 or so tiny, varicolored Sicilian goats milling about inside. "I keep them just to look at, like the ponies," he said.

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A grizzled old Irish setter named Voyou ("Guttersnipe") nuzzled against Mills's leg. "Well, come on, Voyou," he said, "let's go inside." Mills entered his magnificent château, built around the turn of the century for the Menier family, world-famous for its chocolates, by way of the kitchen, an enormous, cluttered, comfortable room. "This is where my wife and I usually take our meals," he said. "We aren't pretentious here. We have only two servants, and they just come in during the day." He walked on, through a trophy room resplendent with silver but containing only a fraction of his lifetime collection (much remained in the German castle), to a small sitting room. He pointed to a Toulouse-Lautrec ceramic of the music hall star Yvette Guilbert ("One of two in the world") and to two Toulouse-Lautrec oils with horse themes. "Once I had 26 Dutch masters, but I have sold them," he said, sitting down in one of the room's elegant old chairs. Madame Mills came in.

continued

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CHARLIE MILLS *continued*

A former private secretary to Marcel Boussac, the French textile magnate and Thoroughbred horseman, she is fortyish and a handsome woman. With her came her pedigreed silver poodle Abu. "There is nothing here," she said, "that is not true and genuine. You know, Charles could have lived without working on what he had when he came to France, but like a rather cheap person. That is not his style."

It was 11 in the morning, and Charlie Mills was ready for some champagne. A 1955 Louis Roederer brut was served. It was excellent.

"When I was in my teens and beginning to make a little money driving," said Mills, "my father would give me champagne now and then. He had been a trainer of show horses in Ireland. On a trip through Germany to Russia he saw trotting and fell in love with it. He went back to Germany—Berlin—and became a trotting trainer, and that's where I was born. Father always had to work hard. He had a big family and never made much money. But he managed to live well enough. He liked champagne. He liked oysters. He told me, 'If you drink, drink the best.' I have drunk champagne all my life."

Mills sipped his Louis Roederer. He looked up at his wife and smiled. "She trapped me," he said, "like a spider in a net." "The things you say," she said. "It was not that way at all. We first met by chance in a railway station in Basel. There had been an announcement that the train would be delayed one hour, and I could see that Charles had not understood. He was standing there looking at nothing with those big blue eyes. We had lunch together in the buffet. I believe in the old formula: a lady does not see for a second time someone she has met by chance. But when Charles wants something, he is implacable. He telephoned me five times—the last time on my private wire at Boussac's. Well, we were married three years ago."

Mills puffed contentedly on his cigar and took another sip of champagne. "I was in Germany during both wars," he said. "In the first, because I held a British passport, I was sent to a concentration camp for 18 months. The camp was a trotting track in Berlin where I had raced many times, and we lived in the horse boxes, six to a stall. It was not very pleasant, but not too bad. When I was

continued



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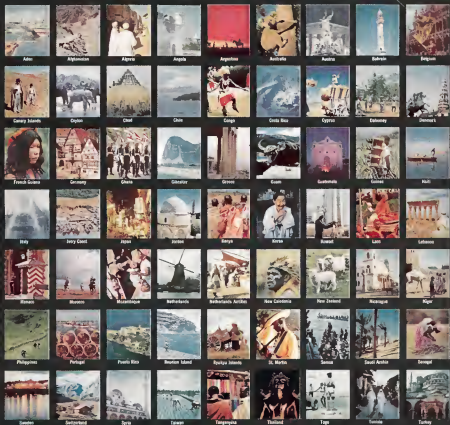
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released after the Armistice I went to Austria. As I recall, I won 600 races in Austria and Hungary in the next five and a half years.

"I used to go to America every year to buy horses. I bought one of my greatest ones, Walter Dear, the winner of The Hambletonian, from Bell Cane, who was a friend of mine. Walter Dear won the Prix d'Amérique in 1934 and afterward was the leading sire of Europe. A very dark brown horse, gaited like a machine. In 1930 I won 20 races with a wonderful American-bred, Sam Williams. He became a great sire, too.

"Racing never stopped in Germany during the second war in spite of all the devastation. I drove right on through it. By then I had my castle near Berlin, two farms and about 100 horses in training. Then the Russians came in. By 1947 I had salvaged all I could, and I got out. I still own the castle. I hear my furniture is still there, but I don't think I'll go back to check." (Probably because he held himself aloof from the politics of that period and because horsemen seem to constitute a worldwide fraternity that ignores national borders, Mills was welcomed in France despite his wartime residence in Germany.)

Followed loyally by Voyou, Mills went out to direct the training of his prize trotter, a mare named Pinocchio, who he says is "the finest 4-year-old in France." She is owned by an American living in Paris, Edward Gaskell, southern European manager for the United States Lanes and one of Mills's patrons.

"I think Charlie is the best trainer in the world," says Gaskell. "He has great knowledge and great patience. He doesn't put a horse on the track until the horse is ready to race. He knows all about all the little things, too. At shoeing, for instance, he is simply a wizard. The first time he ever drove Pinocchio the crowd made her the favorite. That tells you how the public feels about Charlie Mills."

"I do not think," said Mills, paying vigilant attention to Pinocchio's workout, "that it is a very good trainer who knows exactly how fast a horse can go. I always try to save something. I try never to use the last ounce of speed."

"And somehow I have never considered it work, this business of trotting. It has always been great pleasure and fun for me. Am I right, Voyou? Yes, great pleasure, and great fun."

END



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The trouble with Walter

Burdened with an overrated team and a Milton personality, the Dodger manager has become a target of opportunity for every critic

Walter Alston, the manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, last week was like a wounded moose besieged by wolves. When he reached a clearing where he could show his strength (the memory of three pennants and two world championships), the wolves pulled back and sniped. When he was in trouble (the deep snout of defeat), the wolves closed in, yapping, snapping at his flanks.

Before one Dodger game a writer was talking to Duke Snider, who had played under Alston for nine seasons before being traded away this spring. The writer said something in a low voice. "No," Snider replied pleasantly, "Alston's a good manager. He does a good job." The writer said yes, but you should have seen what he pulled the other night. Snider listened but said again, "He's a good manager. I couldn't fault him."

In a hotel lobby one afternoon, when a Dodger game had been rained out, another writer joined a group of Los Angeles players. "Got to write a rainy day story," he said. "Anything new? Did the manager get fired this morning?" He smiled at his own macabre humor. One of the players looked at him and said gravely, "What do you mean, was the manager fired?" The writer spoke again, a bit lamely this time, "I just thought the manager might have been fired." The player said, "Why should he be fired?" The writer said, "I just thought."

Another day, after a Los Angeles defeat, yet another writer approached Alston in the Dodger clubhouse and murmured something in a questioning tone. Alston, tying his tie, suddenly raised his voice, which is normally calm and placid, like the man himself. "No," he said angrily, "there's nothing I would have done different. I did everything that could be done. I did everything that was humanly possible to win that game. My conscience is clear. And you can stick that in your lousy paper." He fixed his tie. "I don't care what you print in your lousy

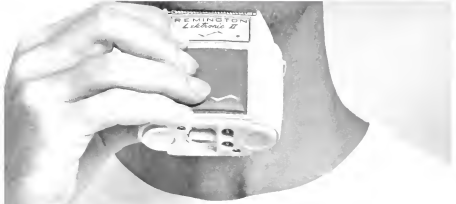
paper." The writer mumbled something apologetically. "I don't give a damn," Alston said. "I did everything that could be done. I can manage this team as well as anyone can, maybe better. I don't care what you think."

Walter Alston became manager of the Dodgers in Brooklyn in November 1953. In nine seasons he won three pennants and two world championships, was second three times and finished in the first division eight times. He was the first manager in the Dodgers' history to win the World Series (where Wilbert Robinson, Leo Durocher, Bart Shotton and Charley Dressen had failed). He was the first manager ever to defeat Casey Stengel in a World Series. He was the first manager ever to take a team from seventh place one season to a pennant and a world championship the next. He was voted major league Manager of the Year in 1955 and again in 1959. His managerial record is one of the best in baseball history, bettered only by a handful of men, all of whom are enshrined in the litany of baseball's saints.

Yet throughout his career in the majors Alston has been jeered, booed, mocked, hooted, taunted, derided, maligned, criticized, satirized, ridiculed, hung in effigy and generally made out to be an incompetent boob holding his job only because of the incredible patience or shortsightedness of the Dodger front office.

Alston's dismal public image is partly a result of the undeniable fact that he is an utterly colorless man. He is neither volatile like Durocher, quotable like Stengel, photogenic like Hutchinson, friendly like Lopez, egocentric like Dressen nor a raconteur like Tebbets. He is a small-town boy in a glittering city, and he shows it. He seldom offers an opinion, keeps his own counsel and goes home to Ohio in the winter. He manages for the long haul rather than for the present moment and therefore plays a conservative game; he never panics, but neither

continued



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does he ever rise to heights of excitement. When his team wins he gives credit to his players, when it loses he blames them ("We're not hitting. We're not getting good pitching") This is absolute logic, but unpopular. He is tough to interview because his answers are obvious ("Why did you put Roebuck in for Miller?" "I thought he'd do better").

He is dull copy, particularly for a town like Los Angeles, which dotes on such extremists as Leo Durocher and Bo Belinsky. And so the critics pick at him. The situation recalls Mark Antony's comment on fame—the evil Walter does lives after the game, the good is oft interred in the box scores.

The critics have picked at him mostly because of an assumption held by Los Angeles fans and too many sportswriters that the current Dodgers are the greatest collection of ballplayers in the history of the world and should win the pennant every season by 20 games. This myth is helped along by the Dodger management, which has to peddle the surplus ballplayers produced by the big Dodger farm system. The better the reputation, the better the price.

But the fact is the Dodgers, despite their reputation, are not a very good ball club. They are *good*, about as good as

any other club in the league, and they have plenty of depth, which is why they finish at or near the top each year. But they are not very good. They are not superior. Compare the present team with the Dodgers of a decade ago, the Reese-Robinson-Campanella-Hodges-Snyder-Furillo Dodgers. The pitching is comparable, but beyond that there is little for the current team to boast about. Roseboro, the catcher, is nothing next to Campanella. Skowron at first base is neither the hitter nor the fielder Hodges was. Oliver at second can't be mentioned in the same breath with Robinson. Maury Wills, for all his brilliant base running, is not the ballplayer Pee Wee Reese was. Neither Gilliam nor McMullen at third can rank with Billy Cox. Tommy Davis in left is the one really superb player on the present club, but neither Ron Fairly nor Wally Moon nor Willie Davis can compare to Duke Snider, and Frank Howard has to prove that his current hitting boom is real to rate over Carl Furillo.

In other words, when the Dodgers lose it is the players who lose, not the manager. This opinion is shared by most of the Dodgers themselves who, whatever their shortcomings, have more class and know more about baseball than the fans and the critics who have been howling at Alston.

END



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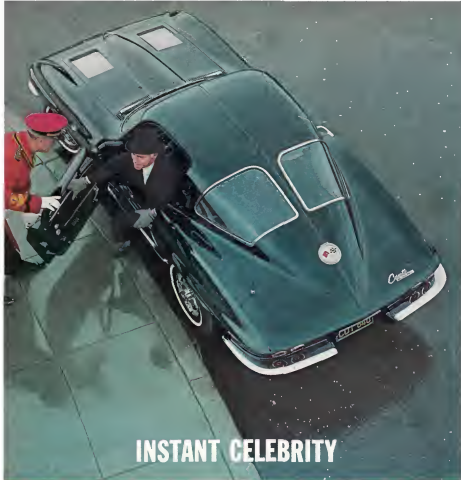
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A classic foursome in the Vale of Tempe

At Arizona State, Coach Baldy Castillo has the fastest and most easygoing mile-relay team ever

The Vale of Tempe (pronounced Tem-pee, with the accent on the first syllable) in ancient Greece was devoted to games and the arts. A scholarly English gentleman, Darrell Duppa, gave this name to the small town of Tempe (pronounced classically) in the Salt River Valley 15 miles from Phoenix, Ariz., because the site reminded him of the Greek original. Duppa also named the city of Phoenix after the phoenix, a bird which rises from the ashes of the fire that consumes it. He probably did this after a summer in Phoenix.

Tempe, like its forbear, is now devoted to the arts and games, too. It is the home of Arizona State University. The school, which has an enrollment of 13,800, boasts excellent engineering and education colleges, football, basketball and baseball teams that all rank high nationally, and now it has the finest mile-relay team anyone has ever assembled anywhere. Arizona State University fits neatly into the Greek ideal.

None of the members of the relay team hail from either Tempe or the Vale of Tempe, however. Two of them are Californians, one comes from Detroit, and the fourth is from Phoenix. All four were gathered together by Senon Castillo, who looks like a former shotputter but actually was a sprinter. He is a gentle man with a talent for inspir-

ing affection in his athletes. Two weeks ago his mile-relay team, feeling loved and relaxed, ran a mile faster than it had ever been run before (SI, May 6). It seems very likely to run even faster than that in the weeks to come. The remarkable thing about the team is that it belongs to Arizona. Not since 1941 has a school been able to break the record—one of the most esteemed in track-

continued



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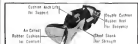


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TRACK continued

The previous holder was a U.S. team composed of the four finest American quarter-milers of the time, among them Otis Davis, the 1960 Olympic 400-meter champion.

The team achieved its record with a minimum of interference from Baldy, as Castillo is called. He is not bald, but a grammar school friend in Phoenix once thought he saw an emerging desert in the bushy, black hair of Castillo and stuck him with a nickname he has never been able to get rid of. What do you call a man named Senon?

"I used to be very eager," Castillo said the other day. "I worked the boys very hard, stayed up nights giving them bed checks, watched their diet. But I found out in the last few years they run just about as good on hamburgers as anything else. All of these boys come from broken homes; none of them was rich, so they probably weren't raised on perfect diets. But look how they run."

How they run, of course, is the best. Castillo, who has been at Arizona State for 12 years, ever since he graduated from the school, has arranged his mile-relay team to take the best advantage of both the physical and the psychological potentials of his runners. Among other things, Castillo has discovered that sprinters and middle-distance runners do better with less work.

Lead-off is Mike Barrick, a quiet, rather unemotional senior who is the Phoenix man on the team. He is the slowest of the runners, but the most con-

sistent and least perturbable. Barrick will enter the Marine Corps when he is graduated this spring; he has no ambition for running after he finishes school. He is capable of a little under 47.5 in the quarter and, unlike most relay runners who are conscious that the lead-off man is always timed slower than the rest, does not mind running the opening leg. Barrick has considerable confidence in himself—which is a help for the first runner. A few weeks ago, when he was told that he faced Mike Larrabee of the Los Angeles Striders, one of the best quarter-milers in the country, Barrick was unimpressed. "Who's he?" he asked.

"When I tell the other boys they're going against a tough opponent, it gets them fired up," Castillo said. "I told Mike, and all he said was, 'That's his tough luck.'"

Barrick ran the first quarter-mile lap in 48 flat during the course of the 3:04.5 world record run in the Mount San Antonio Relays in Walnut, Calif. The time was a little less than his best but it was good enough to keep the Arizona State team in front. He handed the baton to Henry Carr.

Carr is a tall, strongly built runner who this spring set a world record in the 220-yard dash around one curve.

"I run him second because I know he will pick up any yardage that Mike may lose," Castillo says. "There isn't any team we face that can match Henry."

A superb athlete, Carr was an all-state football and basketball player at his De-



RECORDMEN BARRICK (LEFT), WILLIAMS, CARR AND FREEMAN RELAX WITH CASTILLO



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troit high school. He is only a sophomore and just now beginning to blossom as a sprinter. It is always chancy to predict Olympic winners, particularly a year and a half in advance, but if the magnificently competitive Carr continues to improve, he is sure to be one of the American stars in Tokyo. In Mount San Antonio he ran 45.1 on the second leg, widening the lead easily, as he always does, and finishing easily, as he always does, too. Of the four men on the team, he is the only one who is not present as a result of the blandishments of Castillo, an enormously charming man. Much to the delight of Castillo, he came to State as a byproduct of football. He had been playing at Burlington Community College, a junior college in Iowa.

"I had lots of people after me," says Ron Freeman, who ran the third leg for the team, taking the baton a few yards in front after Carr's blazing lap. "The rest of them, they wrote me letters and things. Baldy, he came to see me. I figured here was a man really interested in me. I was right."

It was fortunate that Freeman got the baton with a lead, he runs third because Carr always gets a lead and Freeman runs best in front.

"I don't know why it is," he says. "But I see someone next to me or hear their footsteps. I got to run their race. I'm not as big or as strong as Henry. Everything I do, I got to do just right. I got to think about how I'm running. I got to run according to Hoyle until I got where I'm going. I see a guy like Bob Hayes, a big strong man runs like a mule—he runs 9.9 in the 100 meters—and I wonder. If me and Mike were bigger we'd run a 3-02 mile. But we can't run the first 330 easy, then pour it on and eat everybody up. I got to run the first 330 hard and do the best I can from then on. That's what I did at Walnut. I thought when I got the baton, 'I'll run as hard as I can to the end of the curve.' Then in that long backstretch, I said to myself, 'Now I got to stride but not lose any speed.' Then I got around the last curve and I wondered if I had anything left. I did. But that's the way I got to run, thinking all the time."

This thinking man's quarter was run in 45.6, almost a second faster than Freeman has ever run his leg before. He handed the baton to Uris Williams, a sophomore from Los Angeles, with a substantial lead. Williams, who has a tendency to loaf as a front-runner, did not. He didn't rationalize his race as

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50-1



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Italy may drop an ace

One of the hardest things for the coach or captain of a successful team to do is bench a veteran. It is a sure way to incur the wrath of the fans, and there is the ever-present possibility, should the team lose, that this was the decision that cost it a victory. But such concerns have never disturbed Carl Alberto Perroux, the nonplaying captain of Italy's bridge team. The Italians have won five straight world championships since 1957, and throughout this period Perroux has shuffled and reshuffled his lineup. With another world championship only a month away—it begins June 15 in St. Vincent, Italy—Perroux has now indicated he may sideline one of the most famous Italians of all, Walter Avarelli. Co-founder of the Roman Club bidding system, Avarelli may be replaced by the much less experienced Camillo Pabis Tucci. But that's the bold Perroux.

Still, it is risky to sacrifice experience in world championship play, as can be seen from this hand, one that helped North America gain an early lead in the 1962 matches against Italy.

Neither side
 vulnerable
 West dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♦ A K J 10 8 6 5 4 3 2		♦ Q 9 8 7 2	
♥ 5 3		♥ Q J 7	
♦ K		♦ —	
WEST		EAST	
♦ A K 6 4 3		♦ Q 9 8 7 2	
♥ 5		♥ Q J 7	
♦ A 9 8 7 2		♦ —	
♣ Q 6		♣ J 10 9 8 7 5	
SOUTH		NORTH	
♦ J 10 5		♦ A K J 10 8 6 5 4 3 2	
♥ —		♥ 5 3	
♦ A Q J 10 6 4		♦ K	
♣ A 4 2 2			

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	5 ♥	5 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	6 ♥	6 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: ace of hearts

West trumped the second round of hearts and gave up two club tricks, establishing dummy's suit and going down only 300 points. Bobby Nail was East for North America, and his judgment in sacrificing at six spades proved correct, guided, as it was, by the Italians' choice of the five-heart bid with the North hand. When both sides are bidding at a high level, the expert will often chance a set by going still higher.

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	4 N.E.	3 ♠	DOUBLE
PASS	6 ♥	PASS	PASS

When North America was North-South, Lew Mathe held the big hand and the bidding was as above. Mathe's choice of four no trump had a dual advantage. It asked South to show aces and it at least partly concealed the freakish nature of his hand. East butted in with five spades to stop South from showing his aces, and this was doubled, exactly as it was by the Italians at the first table. But when Mathe went to six hearts, East was in no position to tell whether or not his side had a good defense. Neither was West. His singleton heart actually suggested that North might be running into trouble. West decided to let the six-heart bid play, and Mathe made seven easily by discarding a diamond on dummy's club ace.

It is interesting to speculate what might have happened if South had been able to show two aces by a bid of five hearts over the four-no-trump bid. Would North have gone to seven hearts—either voluntarily or if pushed by a six-spade save? Would East have doubled in order to ask for an unusual lead? Would West have come up with the killing diamond lead? All these questions lead to one conclusion: with freak hands, anything can happen. Therefore, it is usually best to buy the bid.

END

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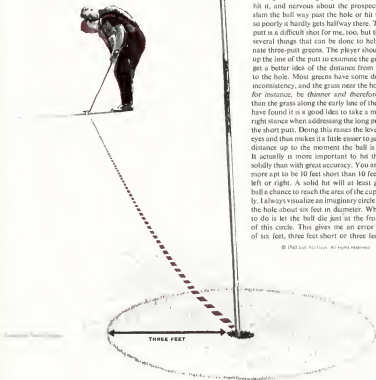
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Stand up to those long, long putts



The long putt is one of the hardest shots in golf. Most golfers, having very little idea of how to hit it, and nervous about the prospect, either slam the ball way past the hole or hit the putt so poorly it hardly gets halfway there. The long putt is a difficult shot for me, too, but there are several things that can be done to help eliminate three-putt greens. The player should walk up the line of the putt to examine the grass and get a better idea of the distance from the ball to the hole. Most greens have some degree of inconsistency, and the grass near the hole may, for instance, be thinner and therefore faster than the grass along the early line of the putt. I have found it is a good idea to take a more upright stance when addressing the long putt than the short putt. Doing this raises the level of the eyes and thus makes it a little easier to judge the distance up to the moment the ball is struck. It actually is more important to hit this shot solidly than with great accuracy. You are much more apt to be 10 feet short than 10 feet to the left or right. A solid hit will at least give the ball a chance to reach the area of the cup. Finally, I always visualize an imaginary circle around the hole about six feet in diameter. What I try to do is let the ball die just at the front edge of this circle. This gives me an error margin of six feet, three feet short or three feet long.

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Anyone who has gone near a camping area recently knows that recreational trailers are among the fastest-selling automobile "accessories" on the market. Come nightfall, virtually any campground is festooned with an amazing assortment of trailers—folding out, popping up and generally displaying a prodigality of mechanical contrivances. These little collapsible houses on wheels and their even more numerous playmates, the boat trailers, are just the first wave of an impending flood. Manufacturers are straining, not unwillingly, to keep up with the demand. There will be 325,000 camping trailers on the highways this summer, 3,200,000 boat trailers. By as early as 1965, the expanding trailer industry expects 4 million Americans will be hauling one sort of trailer or another behind their cars. So important have trailers become, in fact, that the big Detroit automobile producers have produced numerous brochures

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

BY HAROLD PETERSON

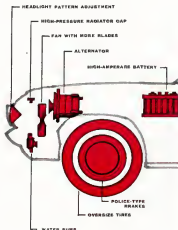
DRAWINGS BY ELDRIDGE KING

HAPPY WAYS OF TRAILERING

and tables dealing solely with adapting autos to the increased demands of hauling the rigs. Soon they may even find it profitable to set up divisions to manufacture already adapted cars.

There is good reason for all this activity. Camping has become a new way of life for millions of Americans who want to travel but who would prefer to be close to nature and far away from the expensive motels strung along noisy highways with their forbidding "No Vacancy" neon signs glaring through the night. Comfortable and convenient, the latest trailers are surprisingly commodious. They will accommodate four to eight sleepers, provide storage space and in many cases come equipped with lighting, refrigerators and stoves.

But with the rise of trailers have come problems. If you buy a trailer, what sort of modifications should you make in your automobile in order to avoid excessive wear? New and often exasperated owners ask: How do you back one of those things into a tight spot? Handled thoughtlessly or at too high speeds, trailers can become lethal weapons. There are problems, too, about the correct hitches to cars and even the kind of trailer to buy. None of these is insoluble, however. Trailering—and the wonderful outdoor adventure it can furnish a family—is fun and quite easy if one knows and follows the rules. Here, in simplified form, is a short course that *could* make a devotee of you.



When to modify your car

Most automobiles are designed to carry loads, not pull them, but at no great expense they can (and should) be modified to haul almost any camping trailer. If you are contemplating buying a trailer, check a manufacturer's manual first to make sure the trailer is not too big for your car. A too-heavy trailer with a too-light car could wreck your transmission. While most light compacts are not good haulers, standard low-priced cars are. You need not make all the modifications shown below; tires, brakes, hitches, suspensions and cooling system are the most important. The cost for them should be under \$150. The complete adaptation job is likely to run about \$300.

Police-type brakes compensate for greater weight and less maneuverability. Where these are not generally available, as in compacts, power brakes can help.

Overstire tires counteract greater wear and risk of blow-outs in trailering; 7.50 x 14 six-ply tires are good protection, and heavy vehicles can use up to 9.00 x 14. Rear tire pressures should be 35 pounds or more.

Heavy-duty suspension is important, particularly if the trunk is loaded. Adjustable, load-leveling rear shock ab-

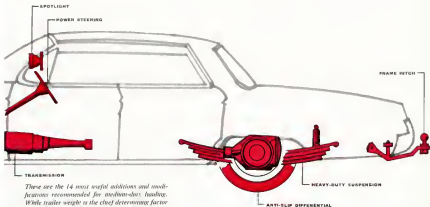
sorbers are preferable to heavy springs for light trailers.

High-ampereage battery and alternator (which delivers current at idle) compensate for trailer drain.

If you intend to drive in mountain or desert regions, which tax the cooling system, it is best to install a fan of five or more blades and high-pressure radiator cap. Additional help is an air-conditioning-type radiator, fan shroud and a special water pump. Should overheating occur despite precautions, stop immediately and run your engine at fast idle. Most automobiles nowadays come equipped with automatic transmissions, which are suitable for hauling trailers. If you use a manual transmission, however, get a sturdy one with heavy-duty clutch.

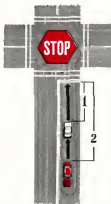
A special differential which transfers power to the non-slipping wheel is valuable for off-pavement driving.

Increased rear axle ratio provides better starting, low-speed torque and downhill braking. For average terrain and automatic drive, a ratio near 3.60 is good. Mountains and manual transmission require up to 3.90. Other modifications necessary are side-view mirror and headlight pattern adjustment. A spotlight for nighttime backing is useful.



These are the 14 most useful additions and modifications recommended for medium-duty hauling. While trailer weight is the chief determining factor in modifying, anticipated road conditions and frequency of towing are important, too. Longer trips on difficult roads require substantial adaptations.

CONTINUED



Stopping a car with an overage-size trailer generally requires half again to three quarters the distance it takes to halt an auto. It is always better to play safe and allow for a margin of error.



Passing another vehicle with a trailer can be dangerous. It is also rarely necessary, since trailer speeds should never exceed two-thirds of posted limits. Should you come up behind a hay-

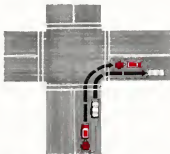
Towing a trailer is easy

... but it has its dangers. Although the modern automobile is engineered to be quite forgiving of mistakes, pulling a trailer removes much of that tolerance. Thus it is always a good rule of thumb to allow a double margin of safety—twice the usual space in order to stop, twice the distance to pass. A bump or a dip in the road, for instance, can cause serious trouble with a trailer, which may suddenly find itself pulling in one direction when the car wants to go in another. Even at medium speeds, a moderate wind can do tricky things with a rig, and crowned roads and sharp curves, which are not always immediately apparent to drivers, can be doubly perilous. Should you ever get into trouble—either with shimmying or swaying or by losing the highway—fight the impulse to react violently. Do not twist the wheel hard, do not brake suddenly. You will only compound your mistake. Try to set a straight course and, if your trailer has separately controlled brakes, apply those first—but gently. It is best to go slow when pulling your first trailer. If you are cautious and know the feel of your rig, you never should outrun your safety.

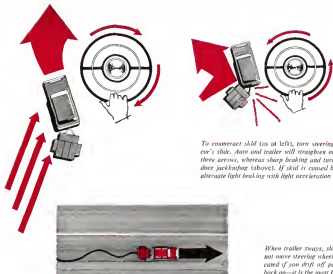
wagon or slow truck, however, you can get around by swinging wide and allowing twice the usual passing distance. Fancier maneuvers are limited by car's slow acceleration, slower stops.



Mixing a turn is no problem, providing you have plenty of shoulder room. Rather than backing, which is relatively difficult, try a U turn, remembering you need a wide turning radius.



Handling a trailer always requires a sense of the large. Turning a corner, the trailer cuts closer to the curb than the car. Approach corner at least a few feet out to give yourself room.



To correct a skid (as in left), turn steering wheel in the direction of car's skid. Auto and trailer will straighten out along lines indicated by three arrows, whereas sharp braking and turning against skid will produce jackknifing (above). If skid is caused by excessive speed in turn, alternate light braking with light acceleration until control is established.

When trailer sways, slow down gradually, and do not wave steering wheel. Similar restraint is indicated if you drift off pavement. Do not jerk car back on—it is the most frequent cause of accidents.

Backing up is more difficult

Melancholy fears of backing into a neighbor's petunia patch or being unable to back out of some wilderness campsite can keep motel occupancy up and trailer sales down. Most of this anxiety is unwarranted. After a few simple concepts and techniques are mastered (below and next page), backward maneuvers quickly will become routine. The primary rule is to back slowly, thinking out the consequences of each move-

ment carefully in advance. Do not change speed or direction suddenly. Look directly back toward the trailer through rear window. Because mirrors reverse movements, they quadruple difficulty. Push trailer tongue left to move rear of trailer to right. Above all, do not feel foolish if the first try is a failure. Even professional trailer people find they must correct their position several times when backing into a narrow slot.

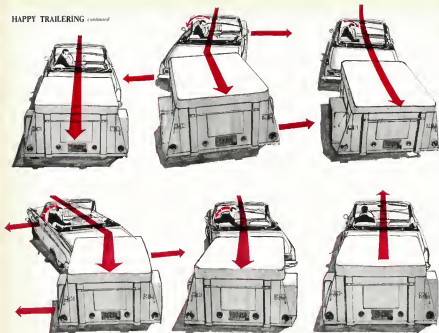


When backing, a trailer will always move in the same direction as the hand guiding it. A hand moved to the right (thin arrow) will direct the trailer right (heavy arrow); left, the opposite.



If you must turn around, back car and trailer in straight line to point of turn, then revolve wheel all the way (in this case to the right), allowing it to return to straight position gradually.

CONTINUED



Parking in traffic

Some experienced trailer people hold that a beginner will never learn to back into a parking space. Actually, you can learn the rudiments in one practice session if you understand that a car, in backing a trailer, must first be steered precisely opposite to the way you would steer a car alone. Even the most difficult feat, parallel parking, can be reduced to six easy steps. First, the car and the trailer should be positioned in a straight line, the rear of the trailer even with the rear of the parked car. Backing slowly, rotate driving wheel counterclockwise (top row, middle) all the way. (Arrows show direction of rig, wheels and trailer tongue.) Continuing to back slowly, let wheel turn back clockwise until trailer is halfway into parking space at 45° angle to curb (top row, right). All steps are then repeated exactly, except that wheel is turned first clockwise, then counterclockwise until car and trailer are flush with curb (right). To park at angle (left), simply execute the first three steps, beginning farther out from the curb.





Frame hitch, bolted to car's main framework, is harder to install than bumper hitch (below) but is far more and therefore safer. It is recommended for permanent trailer owners and those going on long trips.



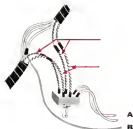
Bumper hitch, supplied by most trailer renters, is connected by clamps to the bumper alone. Under extremely rough conditions hitch has been known to pull off the bumper, but such instances are rare.



Hitching is a simple procedure. After a coupler is placed on hitch ball (above), safety chains at least 42 inches long, with links a minimum of a quarter inch thick, are crossed under trailer tongue

A hitch in time

Few hazards of the road are more dangerous than a trailer that has broken loose from the automobile towing it. Happily, the good hitches and hitching procedures illustrated here are practically accident-proof. Frame hitches, preferable to both bumper hitches and the more esoteric axle hitch, vary according to make and year of car. The best cost less than \$20 installed. Most light trailers use couplers similar to the ones below, but heavier trailers need more complicated devices. Horse trailers in particular require a jack-incorporating "surge hitch," which compensates both for added weight and animal movements. Brakes, either hydraulic or electric, are also needed for these larger vehicles. Brake and directional lights are mandatory for any trailer.



To provide directional and brake signal lights for car or trailer, open cable front in car's trunk, run left and right signal wires (arrows) to terminals in switch (bottom). Switch cuts trailer's lights in or out through wires (A). Splice wire (B) to a ground.



—they will support trailer should the coupling sack loose—and attached to shov in hitch (under license plate above). Coupler is tightened on the ball with a clamp or a screw-down mechanism.

CONTINUED



Camper trailers, which quickly fold out into an expansive awning that will shelter from sun to eight people, are standard today. There are many models, some offering built-in bunks, others with storage drawers and tables.



Boat trailers must be carefully matched to the craft they will haul. Selection should be based on the length of the boat, protection and support given to hull, and boat weight, including extra gear and supplies it will carry.



Utility trailers, open or closed, come in sizes ranging from 3 by 5 feet to 5 by 12 feet. Usually rented, they provide an economical method of hauling sports equipment, cost depending on trailer's size and length of use.



One-horse and two-horse trailers, open or closed, can be rented. They come in deluxe or strictly utilitarian models, require a strong, modified car and should be fitted with brakes and surge-compensating couplings.

Trailering frees one to seek out the rare and remote. Next week Robert Cantwell describes some of these lovely and lonely camping sites in the U.S.

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A RATIONAL REBEL IN PINSTripES

BY LEONARD SHECTER

To most people, Yankee Shortstop Tony Kubek is a good ballplayer, nothing more. Behind the famous uniform, however, lurks an iconoclastic soul. The Yankee front office has discovered, to its dismay, that Tony Kubek likes to rock the boat

Photographs by Herb Lubiano



When Tony Kubek left home in 1954 at the age of 17 to become a professional ballplayer, his father offered two bits of advice. "Don't be a clubhouse lawyer," said Anthony Kubek Sr., stretching to reach his son's ear, and "no matter how many errors you make, no matter how many times you strike out, keep hustling. That way you'll at least look like a ballplayer."

Polonus couldn't have said it better and, with a code to live by, Kubek grew up to become the shortstop of the New York Yankees, virtue's true reward. Kubek still speaks softly while running hard, but the things that he says are

not so soft anymore. In recent years, Tony Kubek has come dangerously close to stepping on his father's advice.

A clubhouse lawyer has been defined as one who leans on the shaky pillars of the game. Kubek, although his posture is deceptively graceful, leans a lot. His favorite target is the stiff-necked Yankee front office, and a lesser talent would have been sentenced to a Yankee dungeon long before now. But into this low-key war with the establishment Tony brings three things: 1) his unusual baseball ability (General Manager Roy Hamey somewhat reluctantly admits that "Kubek is the guy we could least

continued

During daily prep work ritual of autographing baseballs, the Yankee comedy team of Kubek (left) and Richardson takes time out to heckle Mickey Vernon. Like every other Yankee, Kubek declares himself an avid Movie fan.





That's my boy!

If you think it isn't a thrill to take pictures like this one of Jack belting a good one, let me change your mind! I took this from my bleacher seat using my Honeywell Pentax and a telephoto lens.

Some time ago I decided to quit wasting time on snapshots of Jack's activities, because I just couldn't get close enough to the action. That's when I discovered the single-lens reflex camera and the fun of using telephoto lenses.

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TONY KUBEK *continued*

afford to be without for any length of time"), 2) his disarming charm and 3) a penetrating, inquiring mind. In a war in which words are weapons, Tony comes to the battle well armed.

He is a ballplayer (Boy View High School, Milwaukee, '53) who has humiliated a newspaperman (St. John's '56) at Scrabble. He is a ballplayer who once startled the Yankee dugout with a description of the difference between entomology and ichthyology. He is a ballplayer who can decipher anagrams at a glance and, in a contest of vocabularies this spring, stopped cold a Yankee rookie contingent led by Ron Solomon (a student at LIU) with the word "persiflage." He may, in addition, be the only major leaguer who would not be without a Webster's unabridged in his den.

"He's real smart," says Mickey Mantle. "He can run through those crossword puzzles in about six seconds flat."

The vocabulary comes from voracious if undisciplined reading and a driving compulsion for self-improvement. When a friend in Wausau, Wis., interested him in fox farming, a local occupation, he sat down and read a book on fox farming. When he waded through Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*, he developed an interest in architecture and sought out a book on that subject. The unabridged Webster's in his den is surrounded by a wealth of books, and when he reads a paperback he thinks has merit he will buy it in hard cover in order to have a permanent copy near him always.

"We used to sit around until the early hours of the morning throwing words at each other," says Mark Freeman (LSU '54), who was always, alas, a better thinker than pitcher and who roomed with Kubek when they both played at Denver in '56. "Every time he writes me a letter he'll shoot some big word in there. When I won my first major league game, I told reporters it was an unmitigated thrill. That was really a secret message to Tony."

There is a certain quality to a mind that enjoys words for the sake of words. Says Freeman, an astute man who majored in psychology, "With the exception of Jim Brosnan, I never encountered

such an inquiring mind in baseball." Bobby Richardson, who with Kubek forms not only the best double-play combination in baseball but a friendship at least as impressive, puts it this way: "It's unusual to find a guy—with or without a college education—who knows as much as Tony."

"There was never any question of Tony fitting in with my friends," says his wife Margaret, an ebullient brunette who received her master's degree from the University of Wisconsin and was, until they were married, a social worker. "It was obvious to me as soon as we met that he'd read a lot more than some of the people I'd gone to school with. He has a great interest in a wide variety of things."

Kubek has turned his interest on the traditions of baseball. Typical is his attitude toward reporting to the clubhouse early before a game. The kindest thing a manager can say about a player is that he's first in the clubhouse before a game and last to leave after it. To hear some of the oldtimers tell it, they must have slept on cots in the trainer's room and toasted marshmallows on the alcohol burner for breakfast. Kubek, for years, appeared to be in the same mold; he would show up for an 8:30 game at 3:30 in the afternoon. An example of haste? "No," he says. "I didn't have anything else to do." Now that he is married, with Tony III eight months old and another baby on the way, he doesn't get to the park so early. "I have something to do now," he says, a big country-boy grin on his face.

Kubek was one of the reserves caught up bodily in last year's Berlin crisis. It cost him most of a season of baseball and, because of his relatively high salary, more money than most. On Kubek's first day back last summer the clubhouse man was started to find Tony's baseball uniform hung neatly on a hanger, every blessed button tidily in place. "That," Kubek said, "is what I learned in the Army. The only thing I learned."

What impressed him most about the Army was the sheer, mindless waste "It was absolute chaos. There was this big split between reserve officers and the guys who had served in Korea, and it got so that everybody was pulling against

continued



The young-hearted crowd party after the Commodore's Review, and (below) revive old memories and savor new thrills



Riding old trails

THE
YOUNG-HEARTED
CROWD
LIKE THEIR
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Right: Pazeleer Sweater Shirt, \$8.95.

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everybody else. Nothing ever got done."

This is not a particularly original observation. A lot of players were caught in a similar military web and they came home with the same gripes. "But don't quote me," they said. When Kubek was asked, "Are you willing to see that in print?" he didn't hesitate. "If I weren't willing to see it in print," he said, "I wouldn't say it."

Naturally, Kubek's bluntness has disturbed baseball officials, particularly his attitude toward baseball salaries. Players are supposed to guard salary figures with their lives—until they get \$100,000 for a season. Then the front office calls a press conference and tells the world over cocktails and hors d'oeuvres.

In the best of all worlds, Kubek believes, there will be a workable salary equation based upon a scientific determination of a player's contribution to his club, including such subtle factors as one's willingness to sacrifice betting

average to hit behind the runner and to suffer disfigurement chasing a fly ball into a fence. In the meantime Kubek would like to settle for fairness.

"I used to think," Kubek says, "that if you were honest with the front office they'd be fair with you. I found out that isn't so. They simply want to get you as cheaply as they can."

The result is widespread salary abuse, particularly in the lower brackets. In 1959, Kubek's third year as a Yankee, he was given a \$1,000 increase to \$11,000. All he had done the season before was play seven positions, hit .265 and bat in 48 runs. The experience turned him into a better, more determined bargainer. Still, it is not right, he feels, that the best bargainer rather than the best player should make the most money.

As classic cases he recalls Moose Skowron, now with the Dodgers, and Andy Carey, now retired. "They're both my friends," Kubek says, "but it's obvious

continued



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TONY KUBEK *overland*

that Moose contributed more to the team than Andy did. Yet year after year Andy made more money. Moose just didn't know how to bargain."

When the Yankees discovered Kubek was talking about such things for publication, they let him know that they were "upset." He took this intelligence in good spirit. "Maybe the truth hurts," he said, "but if they really tried to make

Kubek got his first big raise, going from \$11,000 to \$16,000. Hamey was still assistant to the austere George Weiss. And Kubek never got so much as a good morning from Weiss. "The first time I ever saw him," Kubek says, "I walked up to him and said 'Hello, Mr. Webb.' I don't think he liked it. Anyway he never talked to me again."

It is ironic that Kubek should become



Because "they are two men who are not mad at each other," according to Casey Stengel,

Kubek and Richardson make up the best double-plus team in baseball.

me keep quiet it would probably upset me."

One way to avoid some of the inequities in baseball's salary structure, Kubek believes, is for players to talk openly about salaries, at least to each other. Secrecy protects only the club owner. "There are guys who room together who don't know each other's salary," Kubek notes. "I can't understand it."

Would Kubek tell his salary to anybody who asked? "Sure," he said. "Thirty-six five." ("I don't know why he wants to do that," growls Roy Hamey.)

At a guess, Kubek's salary got that high because he learned to stay home in the snow and resist the blandishments of Hamey and the Florida sun. He likes to think, however, that there was more involved than a few simple holdouts. "I make mental notes of things and bring them up. I persuaded Hamey I was worth it." Maybe so, but in 1960, the year

so proficient at wresting money from a ball club, because at heart he considers himself immensely overpaid, compared to others in less glamorous but more meaningful occupations, Kubek is in no danger of plunging into a vow of eternal poverty, however. Taking a firm grip on himself, he manages somehow to accept his Yankee paycheck. "Considering what the owners take out of the game," he says, "they give the players little enough."

Even Kubek's marriage is unconventional. He was raised in what he calls a Polish ghetto in Milwaukee and grew up tied tightly to the Catholic Church. "He was," says Freeman, "a very pious man. The church meant a lot to him." But Margaret Timmel, to whom Kubek was introduced at a party, was the daughter of a Lutheran minister. Before they married, Kubek left the Catholic Church for Lutheranism. It was an immense step. He says he did it on a purely intellectual



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basis. He was convinced by his wife during a courtship that lasted four years that his ideas about religion were most closely met by the Lutherans.

For a man like that, for a man addicted to the discussion of politics and religion, scoffing at baseball's sacred image is a casual matter. He considers the game a simplified activity made complicated by the mumbo jumbo of men who are, in their hearts, uneasy about making their living at something children play on empty lots. "I don't knock the game," Kubek says, "but you don't need to be brilliant to play it. There must be greater personal satisfaction in other fields."

What about managing? Isn't this where genius is as necessary as a loud voice to an umpire? "Aw, c'mon," Kubek says, his eyes flashing with amusement. "How much do you have to use your mind managing?"

Since the game is all body, he believes that the men running it should have more respect for the magnificent mechanisms that bring in the money. Instead they invent killing schedules which, in the long run, cost a player years of productivity. On an August trip this season, for example, the Yankees fly from New York to Washington to Los Angeles, back to Boston, west again to Chicago and then back to New York. The players consider this insane. They should battle against it, Kubek says. They should have a loud voice that presents their objections to the way day and night games are mixed. There should be a forum where they can stand up and talk about the specters raised in their minds by air travel. What this sounds like, of course, is a union.

"Not a union in the strict sense," Kubek says. "But players have to start standing up for their rights. Two things need fixing—the schedule and spring training conditions. When we went to Tampa this spring the Negro players couldn't eat in the dining room. That was all supposed to have been taken care of in advance. The trouble is, the player representatives don't get together enough to talk over problems. When they do, the things they discuss aren't passed down to the players. Everything is left to the owners."

continued



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TONY KUBEK *continued*

For a starter, Kubek would at least compensate the player reps—who receive nothing now—in some way. "We ought to make it a job people want instead of one they try to duck," he says.

It is a job Kubek has ducked several times, and although this hardly speaks well for his social conscience, he offers no defense. Of some significance is the fact that when Richardson quit the job, one of his reasons was that "you call a meeting, explain something, then everybody comes over to you and wants an individual explanation." The quick mind is ever impatient with the plodding one.

Kubek's quickness enables him to see things few players notice. Once he remarked to a friend, "You know who the worst sports writer in the country is?" He named a man who is highly respected save by the most astute critics. "I don't mind being criticized, or even being made fun of," Kubek said. "I just hate a guy who distorts your words, making you sound asinine. This guy has the knack. And the worst thing is he thinks he's being nice."

Kubek brings this same insight to bear on the people around him, and few escape, not even Yogi Berra, a man Tony views with amused fondness. What Kubek understands about Berra is that he is not the whimsically witty nature boy painted in the literature of our great American game. Berra's whimsey is non-existent, his wit unconscious. Kubek's most recent story about Yogi involves the catcher-coach's spending a good deal of the winter working out at a YMCA.

"You know, Yogi, it's against your religion to go to a place like that," Kubek told him. ("It's true, sort of," Kubek says. "The Catholic Church frowns on fraternal organizations, saying prayers in mixed groups, everything like that.") Berra was upset. "Why is that?" he asked Kubek. "Because we walk around naked there?"

Kubek also is fond of Ralph Houk, the manager. Unquestionably, Houk has the mark of a leader. His players admire him so much they have a tendency to be defensive about him. Not so Kubek.

continued



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Once, when a reporter explained to him that Houk was useless as source material because he is a fervent Pollyanna, Kubek laughed. "I know," he said. "I had a little pull in my leg in spring training. It really wasn't much but I told Ralph about it. The next day I woke up with this swelling under my arm and I was really worried because I didn't know what it was. When I told him about it he said, 'That's O.K. Now you'll be able to rest that pull in your leg.' You know, he was really serious. I mean he *meant* it."

His sense of the ridiculous is one of the things that sustain Kubek in a business that occupies only a corner of his mind. He and Richardson extract the maximum humor out of the season's grind. (They also extract the maximum of each other's talent. "They are two men who complete plays and they aren't mad at each other," is the way Stengel puts it. "He is proud of Richardson and Richardson is proud of him, and that's good for teamwork.")

"Hey, Rich," Kubek says. "Tell them the story of your life."

"Sure," Richardson says. "I was born at a very young age. When I was 6 I ran away with the circus but they made me give it back. I was a bottle baby, but after two years the bottle broke and I escaped."

"Hey, Rich," Kubek says. "You hear about the trade for Maris? I got it from Berra so I know it's true."

"Who we getting for him?"

"Aunt Jemima. Because she makes a better batter."

The kindest things you can say about this unsophisticated set are that it can be performed in mixed company, that they have fun at it and that it helps keep things in perspective. But when Kubek thinks of the real humor of the game, he thinks of Casey Stengel.

When Kubek got married after the 1961 World Series, Stengel was no longer the manager of the Yankees. But the old man wrote Kubek a check for \$25 and sent it along with a note suggesting Tony use it to take his wife out to dinner. On a Sunday morning a few weeks later Kubek was about to attend church when he realized he had no money for the collection plate. But he did have Stengel's check, so he stepped into a corner drug-

continued



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store, cashed it and forgot about it. The druggist's son wrote to Stengel and asked if he would mind if the check was kept as a souvenir. Stengel wrote back, saying no indeed. He also enclosed an autographed picture. And the next time he saw Kubek he said: "That was a helluva place to take your wife to dinner."

Kubek tells the story with great relish because, unlike a substantial minority of Yankees, he has always liked Stengel. Also, unlike this minority, he had a genuine reason for disliking Casey, although the time he hit him with a bat he didn't mean it. Taken out for a pinch hitter, he tossed the bat in anger and it ricocheted off a dugout post and slammed against one of Stengel's lumpy legs. "I had no business doing that," Kubek said. "It was just ego. There's no reason I can't be taken out for a pinch hitter."

What Kubek holds against Stengel is that he believes the old man used him to prove his genius. "Once he played me at five different positions in four days—left, center, right, third and second. It was too much. It was unnecessary."

Stengel's reaction to that is a typical non sequitur. "I know he didn't like to play all those positions," Stengel shouts. "But who the hell could?"

According to Stengel, nobody in baseball does things quite as well as Kubek. "Who could be more valuable in 50 years of my life?" Stengel asks. "Kubek," he answers. "Because he could play three positions. Some players love a position and they don't know they can't play it. He can play three. He is playing for the team. That's how you win pennants. He's the kind of player young men should copy."

It wouldn't be easy. "Kubek is the second best player on the Yankees," says Bob Schelling, the manager of the Tigers. "I'd give a year's salary to have him play shortstop for me."

Kubek will never make as much as Mackey Mantle or even Roger Maris, because he will never hit as many home runs. He is not a pull hitter, nor does he swing hard enough. But he hits often, and the fact that he hit .314 in 45 games

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last year after being sprung from Ft. Lewis supports the opinion he will be a solid .300 hitter. There is no reason he shouldn't be. Kubek is as close to being a born baseball player as anyone is in the game.

He grew up under the influence of his father and three young uncles, his mother's brothers, all of whom played minor league ball. In high school he played end, ran the high and low hurdles and pitched. (Ah, if Stengel had only known.) He received scholarship offers from a number of colleges, including Marquette and Notre Dame, but at 17 the brain is still soft; on the grounds that he liked baseball better than football, Kubek signed with the Yankees. He did not get a bonus, and picked the Yankees only because his father knew Stengel from his minor league days.

After three seasons in the minors, during which he hit .344, .334 and .331, Kubek was plucked out of a Yankee rookie school by Stengel. Tony is 26 now, and his life has been baseball, and it is hardly surprising that, despite his intelligence, some of the ballplayer values have rubbed off on him. When faced with the cultural opportunities available to him in New York, he chose a motel in the Bronx and boredom. Even now he and his wife allow their young son to keep them chained to a rented house in New Jersey. Sometimes Kubek seems inclined, even against his better judgment, to accept baseball's opinion of Latin Americans as front runners. After years of resisting the money available through endorsements of products he had no use for, Kubek succumbed to the \$3,000 offered for testifying against greasy kid stuff, giving up his brush haircut to do it. (By coincidence this turned out to be an improvement. The crew cut has become part of baseball's conformism; also his wife happens to like him better with long hair.) When he talks of self-improvement these days, he cannot do it without a bow to baseball's god, Mammon. "How much?" he is inclined to ask. And when he searches for things in his life which have moved

continued



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him, he comes up with Mickey Mantle.

"It's exciting just watching him play ball," Kubek says. "There are things about him I'll never forget. Like the time he came into the clubhouse crying after we lost the Series to Pittsburgh. The first thing he did was ask how I was. [The Yankees lost that one when Kubek got hit in the neck by a ground ball.] I remember sitting next to him on the bench in Cincinnati in '61 and seeing the blood ooze through his uniform. [Mantle was trying to play despite the recent removal of a deep abscess on his hip.] I'll always remember how he gets up on the top step of the dugout and yells to you when you're having trouble at the plate. A lot of guys yell, but his is the voice you hear. I don't think anybody who hasn't played with Mantle can know the kind of guy he is."

Still, Kubek has an intuitive grasp of what is important in life and his struggle to rise above his milieu has been remarkably successful. Not even Mantle, for example, is inspiration enough to keep him in the game indefinitely. In five seasons, Kubek says, when his firstborn has reached school age, he hopes to retire to the 27-year-old home he has bought in Wausau, a community of 34,000 about 200 miles north of Milwaukee. "I'm not going to leave my wife home while I play baseball," he says, "and once the boy starts school she won't be able to come with me."

What will he do?

"I don't know," he says. "I'll find something. Don't misunderstand me. I appreciate having the ability to be a baseball player. A lot of people would like to be in my position. I've seen kids break down and cry when they got their release. I love the game. But I'd like to do a lot more than I do. I regret not having a college education. Maybe because I don't have it, I understand how hard it was for people to get. There are devoted people, teachers, men in the government, scientists. The job they do isn't glamorous; they don't have 50,000 people cheering them. But what they do is valuable. They don't get the money and they're much more deserving of it than I am. They make a contribution to society. I play baseball."

END



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PLAYER OF THE WEEK Larry (Bobo) Osborne is the son of one former major league pitcher, Tiny Osborne, and got his nickname because he looked like another, Bobo Newsom. He wears glasses and hits better when he is a little fat. One year with Detroit (1959) he slumped down to .197 and reduced his average to .191, the only man who could not hit his weight even when he was handicapping the proposition. Osborne went to Denver the next year, weighed 210, hit .342 and came back to Detroit for two years of utility duty. This March the Tigers traded Bo to Washington, where Manager Mickey Vernon installed him at third base. In 13 games Osborne made four errors and hit .184. But last week, shifted to first, where he prefers to play, Bo proceeded to hit .429, with 10 RBIs and four homers in 28 at bats. Two of the home runs came in one game against the Tigers, for whom he had managed only five home runs in 405 at bats.



LARRY OSBORNE



LARRY OSBORNE

TEAM OF THE WEEK What makes Kansas City win—and win and win? Several things: For one, Wayne Causey, a 240-lb. hitting third baseman, is playing shortstop and leading the major leagues with a batting average of .426. "When a player like me can lead the league," says Causey, "it is very embarrassing to the other hitters." The other night, with the A's ahead by eight runs and rain clouds overhead, Causey tried to make an out so that the game could reach its official five-inning end. He singled by mistake. And then there is Irl Fischer, the pitcher who never walks anybody. Only one KC pitcher had ever won five games in a row; it took Fischer only 16 1/3 innings to do it. The A's are not supposed to sit left-handers; they are 6-1 vs. left-handers, yet last week they hit .310 against every body. These are the sorts of things that make Kansas City win. But keeping it up is something else, and even Owner Charles O. Finley has been more subdued amid victory than one might expect. He knows that the A's have been favored by an early home schedule and, even if Causey never makes another out, there must be help for the three pitchers—Fischer, Orlando Pena and Ed Rakow—who have earned the staff almost entirely by themselves so far.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK A few years ago Ron Santo almost drank himself out of baseball. "I just couldn't lay off those milkshakes," says the 23-year-old third baseman for the Chicago Cubs. "Whenever I had nothing else to do I'd slip out and get one, and when I wasn't drinking I was eating pies and candy bars." To get rid of the monkey on his back, as well as the 12 pounds he gained in 1960, Santo became a total abstemious. Last week Santo threatened to drive opposing pitchers to much stronger drink. First he unnerved Chris Short of the Phillies. Short held a 1-0 lead in the eighth when he threw a 1-2 waste pitch that Santo hit for a three-run, game-winning homer. Next came a three-run homer off Ray Washburn of the Cardinals, who barely survived for a 4-3 win. On the following day Santo hit yet another home run and drove in four runs (giving him 10 in four outings) as the Cubs beat the Braves.



RON SANTO



RON SANTO

TEAM OF THE WEEK Unwanted, unloved and unpopular, the Chicago Cubs last week showed that they are not completely usable. Often befitted, but beaten only once in five starts, the Cubs cartwheeled into fourth place, higher and happier than they have been in years. "It's Kennedy," one player said in simple tribute to Bob Kennedy, the first manager the team has had after two seasons of fitful guidance by a beneficial of coaches. Kennedy's Cubs are 11 games closer to first place than a year ago. Among the unwanted players is Nelson Mathews, who once had a tryout as a pitcher with the Cardinals. Now an out-fielder, Mathews had a 400-foot homer to help beat the league leaders last week 13-8. Another player St. Louis did not want—Lindy McDaniel—was a stand-out. In 6 1/3 innings last week, and 12 1/3 in all, he did not allow a run. Then there is Jim Brewer, who recalls his fractured chin bone when he wonders how unloved he was by ex-Red Billy Martin in 1960. Brewer pitched four scoreless innings and won twice. And Ernie Banks, not even popular enough to win when he recently ran for alderman, had seven RBIs in one game. Well, if no one else wanted them, Bob Kennedy did, and, just as important, they wanted him.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	TB	HR	OPP HR	LOB	OPP RHS	OPP WALKS
NANAS CITY	4	1	77	2	6	24	21	14
NEW YORK	4	2	84	9	3	38	16	20
CLEVELAND	3	2	47	3	1	21	27	21
BOSTON	3	2	45	5	6	27	27	14
WASHINGTON	3	3	189	8	4	47	27	26
LOS ANGELES	4	4	86	5	8	66	40	29
CHICAGO	3	4	700	9	7	51	40	25
PHILADELPHIA	4	4	56	1	4	52	28	24
MINNESOTA	3	4	56	1	7	49	24	32
DETROIT	1	4	55	3	10	35	29	7

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	SB	HR	OPP HR	LOB	OPP RBIs	OPP WALKS
SAN FRANCISCO	5	1	103	7	4	41	15	8
CHICAGO	4	1	93	10	3	32	25	23
PITTSBURGH	3	2	68	3	1	36	11	54
CLEVELAND	3	2	61	4	1	41	18	24
ST. LOUIS	3	3	64	3	12	45	34	21
PHILADELPHIA	2	3	57	2	4	29	18	19
NEW YORK	2	3	40	3	8	26	23	10
MILWAUKEE	2	4	77	5	3	35	24	9
HOUSTON	1	4	71	4	2	34	23	9
LOS ANGELES	1	4	47	2	3	40	32	20

THE

[illegible]

	SLUG %	NR/AB	MAKES PER 5 IN
PITTSBURGH	Clemens 56P	Bailey 3 per 18	Appling 1.58
ST LOUIS	Gale 48S	Summers 1 per 14	Wachsmann 1.66
SAN FRANCISCO	Bailey 43S	Bailey 1 per 6	Fisher 0.99
CHICAGO	Santo 47B	Banks 1 per 18	Buhl 1.76
MILWAUKEE	Y Aaron 64B	N Aaron 1 per 11	Sapho 1.03
PHILADELPHIA	Greening 71C	Covington 1 per 13	Waggoner 2.02
LOS ANGELES	Howard 56C	Facts 1 per 18	Perezinski 2.10
CHICAGO	Edwards 47P	Edwards 1 per 13	Smith 1.38
NEW YORK	McKenzie 57B	Carter 1 per 12	Carter 1.38
HOUSTON	Goss 62S	Sauer 1 per 20	Ensign 1.06

*Through Saturday, May 4

They All Laughed When I Rode By



by WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

You may recall that Dr. Paul Dudley White told the nation a few years ago the way to prevent heart attacks is to get aboard a bicycle.

Dr. White coupled his advice with some pretty stern words on the general torpor and flabbiness of the older half of the population. In fact, he made them sound a good deal like the whales, another of his interests. My wife and I decided then and there to get a pair of bicycles and start pedaling. After all, doesn't everyone remember childhood bike riding with pleasure? Why not start it all over again, especially when it will look so good on the electrocardiogram?

This is to report, after a proper interval of years, that Dr. White knew what he was talking about. We haven't had a single heart attack. Neither have our dogs, who run alongside when we cycle.

But this is only one of the multitude of benefits flowing from the decision to pedal regularly. Others that come to mind quickly include a much better understanding of the workings of traffic

laws; a clearer realization of what human nature, especially in our neighborhood, is really like; a firmer knowledge of the streets and byways of our area; and, above all, an appreciation of how a comedian must feel when he brings down the house.

It is generally agreed in medical circles that laughter is healthful, and on that basis our cycling has not only improved our own health but that of an entire neighborhood.

Bicycling has also given me a perfectly splendid new front tooth and an impressive scar across the left hand that can be mistaken at cocktail parties for an old war wound.

Our adult bicycling careers started badly. We entered a bicycle shop on a Saturday morning shortly after reading Dr. White's pronouncement. We learned something at once. If you are old enough to remember seeing a Blue Eagle in a store window, you are too old to enter a bicycle shop on a Saturday morning. That is the time when the prehot-rd

set gathers for learned discussion of hand brakes, racing chains, elevated handlebars and the proper way to deliver papers squarely in the middle of rose beds. Outsiders are a nuisance during those discussion periods, especially outsiders who appear to be senile.

An attendant who eventually broke loose to wait on us, an elder of 15 or so, said there had been a lot of mature people in looking at bikes lately (he didn't exactly say 'mature,' what he said was 'older'), and there was a special imported bike just for them. Something about his tone made it sound like a wheelchair. However, the bike turned out to be a beauty, chromed to the last spoke, with a choice of speeds, a lighting system a Model T would have envied and a price tag that would have better fitted a small lorry.

Remembering Dr. White's scathing words, and remembering also the going rate for heart specialists, we paid the young merchant his price and departed. A bit later some grizzly urchins, led by

continued

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They All Laughed *continued*

our son, gathered at the curb to watch the unloading of our purchases.

They volunteered that the bikes were interesting examples of a type no longer manufactured and we probably wouldn't mind the fact that the handlebars were too big and the brakes usually failed on downhill runs. With that we shooed them away and mounted.

It's amazingly true that even if you haven't ridden a bicycle for 20 years or so you haven't forgotten a thing. We peddled to the end of our block, exchanging friendly waves with the neighbors who suddenly materialized at every porch, on into the next block, down a hill and along a splendid stretch of level paving. Then we collapsed on a curbing and lay panting on the grass like freshly gaffed salmon. Somehow bicycles don't roll as easily as they used to, even with a choice of three forward speeds.

The long way home

The journey from home hadn't taken more than 15 minutes and the return trip, including the push up the long hill, didn't take more than two hours.

In succeeding days we gradually found our cycling muscled. Actually we found them from the very first because they identified themselves by aches, screams and spasms after the initial ride and kept themselves in lively notice for at least a week. After that they seemed to resign themselves to their new drudgery and we were cyclists.

From the first our son refused to ride with us or do anything else that might link him in the public mind with two parents engaged in such ridiculous display. Often, though, when we cycled, a posse of small fry would ride at a distance behind us, booting and catcalling, and he would sometimes join or even lead them.

Children are vastly amused by the tendency of adult cyclists to sit firmly in place, both fists tightly gripping the handlebars. "Look, Ma, no hands!" is the immortal boast of the young rider, the start of a repertoire of tricks, turns and convolutions, and anyone who just sits on a bicycle is obviously a ninny.

Actually, of course, a seasoned adult cyclist can also do those tricks and a few more besides, but for the sake of good example they should only be done in adult company, when there are no small, imitative eyes watching. We all know that any kind of fancy going on bicycles

is dangerous and should be discouraged.

That latter maxim was one I reviewed at length the Saturday night our dentist was at a party. We had only had a modest cocktail hour before dinner that evening and, as every cyclist knows, there is nothing more refreshing than half an hour of pedaling after a good dinner. It also seemed like a good time to demonstrate to the wife the proper way of cycling with arms folded—the secret here is to get a high speed. I had reckoned, unfortunately, without the tendency of foreign bikes to crash into curbs. The scolding attitude of the family dentist, when he finally returned from his party, was certainly not well founded, but it must be admitted the new front tooth looks a good deal better than any of the old ones.

Dr. White did not say where cyclists are going to find a place to cycle, though one gathers he was thinking of open roads and country lanes. However, those of us who live in cities needn't think we are shut out. There are a number of interesting places in almost every city where adults can cycle.

The most common is the street, where the skilled cyclist can quickly find a path for himself between the parked cars and the moving cars. This gap is usually about three feet wide and with care the cyclist can zip along in it for many blocks before he is crushed.

The alternative is the sidewalk, which is much safer for the cyclist than the street, but offers the drawbacks of being crowded in some places and illegal in others. The attitude of the police toward adult cyclists is one of understanding, and they will almost always let you off with a warning if you promise to go out in the street and take your chances like a man.

It should also be noted that almost all cities have at least one park with bicycle paths, so no one who really wants to cycle, and who can somehow get his wheel across town to the park, need be denied his exercise.

Remember, though, that once you start cycling and see a clump of gawkers close by, as openmouthed as though the circus parade had just pranced into sight, you don't need to ask what the attraction is. It's you. Though if you're unduly sensitive, it might be a good idea to carry a little placard reading "Doctor's Orders." Everyone will still laugh, but maybe not as loud.

AND

THE READERS TAKE OVER

PHILS, PRESENT AND PAST

Sir:

Your article, *Hot Team to the Old Town* (April 29), was excellent—except for one point. Philadelphia does *not* like a loser. Just look at professional football. The Eagles have averaged almost 60,000 fans per game during the past four years. If that isn't supporting a winner, what is?

Give the Philadelphia baseball fan a chance to get used to the resurgent Phils and you will see Connie Mack Stadium packed to the center-field scoreboard, where, by the way, there are no seats.

FRED SINGER

Philadelphia

Sir:

Your superb article on Art Mahaffey and the Phillies was heartening to me as a long-suffering Philie fan, whose masochistic martyrdom is often misunderstood by the general public.

GENE ROSEN

Cambridge, Mass

Sir:

I think that if William Leggett wanted to write about a surprise team he should have written about the Kansas City Athletics. As long as I can remember your magazine has seemed to consider the Athletics as some kind of bad joke. This year, after dropping two games to the Yankees, the A's have won 15 out of 28 and are in first place. This is a much better record than the sixth-place Phillies' 10-11 record. A picture of Norm Sieben smushing a home run in his nice new green-and-gold uniform would sell more copies than Art Mahaffey in his old, dull red-and-white uniform. So wase up for your own sake. The A's are the team to watch this year.

PHILIP M. SMITH

Fraysburg, Ohio

STREAM OF CONSCIENCE

Sir:

For shame, Alice Higgins, for shame! By guzzling your way down the Current River (*Not So Gently down the Stream*, April 29), you have set canoeing back 50 years. A plague also upon your St. Louis friends. How many dead soldiers did you cast into or along the Current to enhance the other beauties of the stream?

Understand, Alice, I am not a member of the WCTU, and I help support a couple of St. Louis breweries, but not on canoe trips. It doesn't matter to me how much you imbibed. The fact you made such frequent

mention of it is what irks me. Someday I will invite you on my canoe club's Labor Day trip on the Current when we will clean up the river from Cedar Grove to Round Spring, mostly of beer cans.

NANCY C. JACK

Kansas City, Kans.

• The Labor Day cleanup party will find no trace of Alice Higgins' trip. Not only is Miss Higgins a native-born St. Louisan, she is also a firm believer in the natural beauty of the Current. Part of the essential equipment in her canoe was an army entrenching tool—which served to bury all beer cans.—ED.

Sir:

Congratulations to Alice Higgins for her story on the Current River float trip. She has captured truly the qualities of the river and of the bona fide "floaters," who, while a race apart from such earnest types as the camper, the canoeist, the fisherman and the water-borne bird watcher/botanist, combines something of each of these with what most of us like to consider a healthy attitude toward creature comforts.

PHYLLIS McPHEETERS

St. Louis

FAMILY FEELING

Sir:

This note is to say thanks for your coverage of the charges made concerning my father, Wally Butts, and Bear Bryant (*A Debatable Football Scandal*, March 25, *et seq.*).

As a journalism major and former reporter myself, I say thank God for writers who believe in questioning what they read. A good healthy make-them-prove-it attitude speaks so much better for our American idea of freedom of the press than a where-there's-smoke-there's-fire one does.

My father has many faults, as does Mr. Bryant and all the rest of us. But his faults do not include disloyalty to Georgia. If I thought you had time for a book full of information proving my point, I could write it. I expect there are a million Georgians who could add chapters on the things he has done for the state and people of Georgia.

JEAN BUTTS JONES

State College, Miss.

NEXT YEAR?

Sir:

I would like to comfort the mad Angelenos in this their hour of grief, now that their Basketball Capital of the World has fallen

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(Up to Their Old Tricks, May 6). I am certain that they will be less than pleased with second-best, but this is in keeping with the Los Angeles tradition, and they can always wait till next year to launch their two-man "dynasty"—you should pardon the expression. I wish I had the names and addresses of some of those savages from way out West who wrote in September of all the dreadful things that were going to befall the Celtics when the playoffs arrived. We farmers from Boston would like to write to them, urging them to even greater heights and reminding them that next year Coos will be gone, the old men will be older, and all that dynasty talk can begin anew.

GREGORY Z. THOMASIAN

Boston

IN THE LONG RUN

Sirs:

I will admit that entrants for McDonald's Hamburgers and the Peace Corps did add color to the Boston Marathon this year and were undoubtedly worthy of mention (*Everybody Runs to Boston*, April 29). After all, Author Walter Bingham was trying to write a colorful article. And he did succeed.

Nevertheless, we in Seattle are disappointed

ed that Bingham did not mention the performance of Jesse Earl Eblen in his article. Eblen, 27, representing the Seattle Olympic Club, was sixth in the field of 245 men and was the second American to finish. His performance might well place him on the American Olympic team for 1964. In fact, the Seattle Olympic Club boasts of a trio of fine distance men—Eblen, Earl Ellis and Doug Rustad. Each of them has beaten the other two in different Pacific Northwest AAU meets this year, at distances varying from 10 miles to 25 kilos (15.5 miles).

GEORGE ROCKWELL, M.D.

Seattle

BARS AND BUGS

Sirs:

The yacht club designed by Architect Bill Ficker (*An Ideal Yacht Club*, April 22) may be a "dream club" to him but to a hotel operator it seems more like a nightmare. You state that kitchens, staterooms and rest rooms are on the first level, while dining rooms, ballroom and bar are on the second level. Anyone familiar with the mechanics of restaurant and beverage operations knows that this violates all modern concepts—making for delays in service, difficulty in providing hot food and numerous other inconveniences. What comes up must go down—

so glassware, dishes, soiled linen and what have you follow the reverse route to the kitchen area. This is doing things the hard way.

While Mr. Ficker's club has much to recommend it artistically, it is no more practical than a yacht with engines installed on the main deck, while the wheelhouse is located below.

However, all is not lost—with a little professional help one might eliminate the bugs and make your ideal a real nice club.

HENRY R. DUTTON

Deleat

Sirs:

As an ex-commodore, I was instantly arrested by your article on Ficker's ideal yacht club. What a challenge, I thought as I first read it! Right from the pages of America's most authoritative magazine on sport. It must be the answer to every commodore's aspirations. Then I reread it. Opening a can of beer (which is both food and drink to all commodores, present and ex), I began to look out across the docks and anchorage that had been my charge for five years. How would it be to be commodore of a club such as Bill Ficker so vividly described? The more I thought and compared it with the modest place we call a yacht club, the

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more I wondered. Alas, doubts began to mount. Opening another can of beer, I came to the conclusion that Mr. Ficker had never been a commodore. I will not challenge his ability as an architect or as a sailor, for these are facts of record. However, to assume that he was qualified to design a yacht club without having served as a commodore was a mistake. And it is obvious he never was a commodore or he would know there is no such thing as an "ideal yacht club." There never has been. There never will be. All yachtsmen hope that beyond the pearly gates there will be a place for them to gather over their ambrosia to relive America's Cup races, long hauls to Bermuda, cruises to Block and Down East to Maine. But it won't be "an ideal yacht club." The ambrosia won't be cold enough. Somebody will have tied up their wings as somebody else's ship. The angels will have laid out a lousy course. Lord Dunraven will be tied up to Commodore Iselin's mooring. The celestial launch service stopped too early. If the club were ideal, nobody would enjoy it.

There may be some that say I am critical of Mr. Ficker's Taj Mahal of a yacht club because of the tab—\$500,000. Nonsense—\$500,000, \$600,000, \$100,000, what's the difference? Obviously Mr. Ficker has never tried to get \$56.69 to have the head on the committee boat replaced. Mr. Ficker talks about integration in his club, but integration is just what a yacht club doesn't need. "Where's Dad?" the boy asks. Someone answers that he took the station wagon down to the boathouse. A likely story. Dad is in the bar. He has had two Bloody Marys. He is going to have a third because he has lost twice rolling for the drinks. Furthermore, it is none of the kid's business. If he were my brat he would be out in the lightning, pumping it out, getting the sails on and putting the spinnaker in stops. A fig for Mr. Ficker and his integrated club! "You can see everything that is going on." Is that good? How about the guy that wants to take that blonde divorcee out to his yawl to show what he makes in the "itty bitty kitchens you have on yachts?" Mr. Ficker, you have got to think of these things.

I don't want to seem hypocritical, but I didn't see any arrangements in Mr. Ficker's plans for the following: a swimming pool, tennis courts, a badminton layout, a basketball court, a skeet range, fiddle tennis courts, a bowling alley, a billiard room, a place to pitch horseshoes, a solarium, a nursery. Doesn't Mr. Ficker know that as soon as people join a yacht club the first thing they say is, "Tennis, anyone?" What kind of a yacht club has he got, anyway?

For obvious reasons, I hope you will see fit to withhold my name from this communication.

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